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Contents

ARTICLES

A Superb Ballad	Francis McCarthy	159
She Ruled the Panther	Aurele Durocher	167
Tennyson Told the Story	William Callahan	175
More Hardness	Ambrose Lengerich	178

FICTION

Rubbish Yields a Broken Heart	Thomas Gowney	163
My Thrills at Hunting	John Spatt	172
Walking on Razor Blades	Charles Bricker	181

VERSE

Wisdom's Call	Albert Van Nevel	183
Is There Change?	Edward Gruber	186
The New Year	Charles Froelich	166
My Life	Lawrence Mertes	177
Adverse Winds	William Callahan	170
Night	Leslie Henrikson	180
My Dream	Earl Foos	180

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	185
Exchanges	187
Book Shelf	190
Alumni	194
In the Shadow of the Towers	195
Club News Spotlight	199
Sports	203
Humor	210

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Pool in Front of Main Building

A Superb Ballad

● By Francis McCarthy, '36



Gilbert K. Chesterton is an essayist, a novelist, a dramatist, a debater, and a poet. For many people, however, he is first and last a poet. Opening wide to the world the flood-gates of his poetic power and exalted feelings, he gives fullest vent to his genuine poetic passion and energy in his stirring martial ballad, "Lepanto." The story involved is that of the great naval battle fought in the Gulf of Corinth or Lepanto on October 7, 1571, between the Turks and the Holy League of Christian nations. Frightened by the conquests of the furious Turks, the Christian powers had coalesced in a league to secure better defence against this menacing enemy. Pope Pius V had promoted and sanctioned this union of embattled strength to ward off the terror of Islam from Christian lands and waters.

To Don John of Austria, the "last knight of Europe," fell the command of the Christian fleet. It is the heroism of the commander and of the fleet which Chesterton extols in his ballad. Though old as a subject, yet the event is a stern re-

minder of what the civilized world would be today if the Turks on that occasion had towed the Christian ships into captivity or had sent them to the sea bottom with their Christian crews. Much has been said about dramatic "ifs" and dates in history, but the "if" and the date of the Battle of Lepanto belong to the most exciting of their kind. The great theme lay dead in the prose lines of history until the ingenious skill of Chesterton set it to rich and thrilling music.

His Method

Chesterton's method, which is more readily discernible and defined in his poetry than in his prose, consists chiefly in the extraordinary presentation of ordinary ideas. This manner of procedure is so usual with him that it is easily observable in most of his works. But "Lepanto" for once does not unfold an ordinary idea. Hence this ballad materially increases one's esteem for the intellectual acumen and for the versatility of its author. If one were to judge this poem without reading it, merely knowing that Chesterton wrote it, the obvious conclusion based on a knowledge of his usual method would lead one to expect a

picture of the memorable battle itself adorned with powerful descriptions of the mighty galleys, of the tactics of the opposing generals, and of a comprehensive list of naval maneuvers. But these items, when they do occur, serve as mere fringes to the theme, and are no more essential to the spirit of the poem than are the fringes to the warmth of a garment. The spirit of the poem, as Chesterton conceives it and portrays it, has nothing to do with incidentals, but it is the spirit, together with the mood and the feeling, of Europe when finding itself freed from the threat of Islam.

That Europe should grow wild with exultation because of a victory which resulted from staking its fortunes on a single naval engagement was to be expected, especially since the blackest fear had spread over all its lands like a heavy veil of impenetrable gloom. It was not a fear of death that haunted the people, but the fear of the loss of things more dear than life. That heavy cloud of fear could only be pierced by the stalwart courage and heroism of common men. Led by their good-humored and dashing young commander, blessed and prayed for by the humble monks, of whom one was present on each ship, guided by the banner of the Cross erected on each prow, these gallant common men — spirited Christian soldiers — charged into battle. They knew, as all Europe knew, that their cause was all the world's. They rejoiced, as all Europe rejoiced, that they were meeting the greatest

challenge in the history of western civilization — the armed invasion of barbarians — and they emerged victorious from the engagement. What a reason for joy! What a reason for pride! This is the spirit, feeling, mood which Chesterton recaptured and set free in his ballad, "Lepanto." His is the joyous, heart-felt cry of the West, the cry of enduring victory.

Comparison with Other Poets

In recent times many poets have written of war, but their own personalities enter so deeply into the bloody fray that their poems suggest self-exploitation. They are too sophisticated, too grown-up, too all-important personally. Their strains are martial enough; their music has the necessary thunder; but their mood, their spirit, and their feelings are squeezed out of their own experience, real or imaginary. They do not dig into the hearts and breasts of men who fell on the field of glory in times now remote. A difficult thing this, to do such digging, but Chesterton does it with the ardor of one seeking for buried treasures. Joyce Kilmer says of him aptly: "Chesterton's war poems are splendid primitive things, full of the thunder of crashing arms, of courage and of faith." If these words fittingly describe his war poems in general, then they may be used with renewed force to describe his "Lepanto" in particular.

The test of good poetry is the directness of its appeal to the imagination and the emotion of the one

who reads it. Melody, grace, rhythm, color, imagery must suit the mood intended. In "Lepanto" these elements are all of a kind, carefully chosen to produce a definite result like a well-directed spear thrust in battle. In quick succession they seize upon the mind of the reader and impose their sway with an ever increasing effect, until the surge of the sea, the dashing of the ships, and the rumble of arms unite in a scene of reality in which all the courage, carnage, heroism, bravery of the old conflict live up again. In the following few lines this sense of reality is easily perceived:

"Strong gongs groaning as the guns
boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the
war;
Stiff flags straining in the night-
blasts cold,
In the gloom black-purple, in the
glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper
kettle-drum,
Then the tuckets, then the trum-
pets, then the canon, and he
comes."

In endeavoring to exhibit battle scenes realistically, writers frequently overwork rhetoric. Chesterton himself has incurred this blame. It is said that in a number of his poems he has etched and filed at his imagery until it becomes brittle or dangerously cutting like the edges of broken glass; that he occasionally dislikes to part company with a bold character and stays with the

quality of boldness at the expense of the finer finishing touches and relief shadings. If there is truth in this charge it must be sought in his poems other than "Lepanto." Here he carves his images of strong men with a few keen slashes and frames them becomingly as specimen lines will indicate:

"And the Pope has cast his arms
abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom
for swords about the Cross.
The cold queen of England is looking
in the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawn-
ing at the Mass;
From evening isles fantastical rings
faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn
is laughing in the sun."

It would be plainly difficult to find a more colorful and harmonious delineation of outstanding men in any other poem of warfare. No overworked rhetoric is evident in these lines, and all other instances in this poem where powerful personalities are described show a similar reserve and skill in the technique of portrayal.

The Message of "Lepanto"

Historical facts largely furnish the subject matter for "Lepanto." To give these facts a poetic setting required unusual ability. In this particular task, Chesterton shows remarkable poetic powers. With surprising ease, he whips the strongest and most stubborn word into masterful rhythm. But his

poetic skill alone could not have made this ballad stand forth as a modern-day monument to the triumph of poetry even in a field not strictly belonging to the Muses. To this end, profound sincerity and deep feeling were required. Chesterton readily supplied both these essentials. Yet, to make "Lepanto" a great poem, more than rhythm, more than feeling, more than imagination was in demand. Superior to these elements in a poem stands the message, the voice of the poet's own soul, and this message in "Lepanto" proceeds from the bottom of Chesterton's heart. It is the justification of his ideal vision of life, it is the shout of victory proceeding from the immortal heroism of the common man in upholding the glorious virtues of the Christian world. This message is the inward essence of the entire ballad, "Lepanto." It gives to the poem a singular nobility and fills it from start to finish with an enduring magnificence.

True poet that he is, Chesterton adds a final stroke which marks his genius. He might have ended the poem with Don John's crashing through the line of the hostile fleet to free the Christian captives. Other war poets would have considered this ending a grand climax. Chesterton chose a smoother shading and a softer note to bring his ballad to a close. He introduces a picture which at first glance seems to have no connection with the theme, but a little reflection shows that this episode normally grows out of the battle scene. What purpose

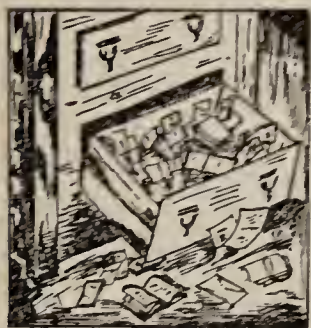
could Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," serve in connection with this work? The picture refers to this writer. Though the battle was won, and Christendom was saved; though the name of Don John was covered with glory throughout Europe, yet these matters were likely to be embalmed in forgotten history. "It is our memories that fail; it is our emotions that never die." Cervantes fought at Lepanto and later wrote a living literary production which the world will not choose to forget. Men will at all times enjoy the reality of the strange vision of the soldier who "settled back the blade" and took up the pen, for:

"He sees across a weary land a
straggling road in Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight
forever rides in vain."

As James J. Reilly puts it: "Don John of Austria made the world safe for Cervantes." The great leader at Lepanto secured, among other beneficial results, that peace and calm necessary for the production of "Don Quixote." It is an agreeable incident to meet with Cervantes in the final lines of the ballad, "Lepanto," for it takes the reader from hair-raising dangers to the field of smiles. Chesterton, moreover, probably thought it suitable to feature Cervantes at the close of his ballad as a real specimen of the great men who fought at "Lepanto," for "a great man living for high ends belongs to the divinest things to be seen on earth."

Rubbish Yields a Broken Heart

Forty years are a long time to wait for an answer to a romantic letter. But the answer came, and George Colburn and Jennie Leslie live happily afterwards.



Gerold Terhoun, the night boss, made his round depositing corrected assignments on the desks of reporters for the "Daily Times," the great paper in the city of Opoulusa. With a wicked twinkle in his eyes, he hounded every reporter to work, and lucky was the fellow who got nothing more than a look, for Terhoun had a vocabulary of steel and flint. For once he was glum while going about his business. His round being finished, he turned to survey the men at the desks, and over the desks all eyes turned to him expectantly. But not a word came from him even now. A raised finger, though, became unusually visible as it crooked itself several times like a huge caterpillar in the direction of a young reporter, Fred Hunt, who fairly bounced from his chair to answer the ominous summons.

"Come to my private office," was the curt command.

In the office, young Hunt found the boss surprisingly cheerful. It wasn't often that a reporter was singled out for a private conference

● By Thomas R. Gowney, '36

with the man whose word was law in the policies of the "Daily Times." Whenever this did happen, something like a "bawling out" was in order. Nothing of the kind took place. Instead of rough words, there were only smiles. Very considerately, the boss waved Hunt to a chair, and taking a seat himself, began to talk familiarly.

"Fred, you're still stepping out with the widow Rowan's granddaughter, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," Fred answered, almost knocked out of breath by this direct question.

"Now, if my judgment of people is worth anything, I would say that you are more than passingly interested in that girl, not so?"

"You're right, sir," replied Fred.

"Well, then," the boss continued after offering Fred a cigar and lighting one himself, "I have a story to tell you; it's a long one but it may interest you. Do you know that the widow Rowan recently married Gregory Colburn, the president of the Colburn Construction Company? As a reporter, you should know, but neither you nor any one of your number has nosed out that piece of news. I ought to blame you, but

I've not called you for that. It just happens to be to my liking to rehearse a tale regarding this Colburn-Rowan marriage. For you it must be a delightful tale, I should think, as you are rushing the Rowan granddaughter. Perhaps you can work it into a serial novel for the paper. You need have no doubts that the Colburn-Rowan marriage took place. I was witness to the ceremony. In our boyhood days, Mr. Colburn and I were chums at school and later, at college. He and I were always friends, and what I am telling you now is a repetition of the tale he told me on his recent wedding day.

"It so came about, when Mr. Colburn, as a young man, attended the university to take a course in engineering, that he met a young girl named Jennie Leslie. Her father was a wealthy manufacturer and had his own plans for the future of Jennie. It was altogether accidental that Mr. Colburn, then a spry, young student, chanced to meet her. Deciding to walk to school of mornings for the sake of exercise, he passed the Leslie home. On one day in spring, he saw Jennie standing near a flower bed in the front yard. He bade her the time of the day, and she returned his salute with a smile. Over and over, as days went along, they exchanged greetings but dropped not another word. Gradually it dawned on Mr. Colburn that Jennie welcomed the sight of him. He looked for a chance to speak to her. Soon the chance came.

"As the weather turned warmer, and people took to the public parks, Colburn did likewise. On a park bench, one evening, he spied Jennie. She was not alone; a maid servant of the house acted as her chaperon. Sauntering along as if he hit upon them casually, he came up to them and spoke his greeting most politely. He was invited to take a seat. Here the long-sought occasion had come for a talk with the girl who had somehow taken his fancy. From now on, that particular park bench was the objective in his evening strolls, and time and again he encountered Jennie as he hoped to do. Suddenly he felt that he loved that girl and decided to let her know it. A letter would be the most convenient means to this end, and the letter he sent clearly showed how impatient he was to know how she felt towards him. At the close of many lines of endearing terms, rather plain protestations of friendship and love, and avowed intentions to visit her at her own home, he stated clearly that he would neither see her nor speak to her again if she would not answer his letter. She did answer, but fate played an ugly trick on her.

"In the Colburn home it was customary to place the daily mail in the drawer of an old-fashioned bureau or dresser until time was at hand for reading it. In that drawer many advertisements considered to be of use at some time or other were left to accumulate. On the day when Jennie's letter came to Gregory Colburn — such was his full

name — it happened to slip into an advertisement put up in pamphlet form, and thus found its way unobserved among rubbish that would likely not be touched for years.

“Gregory Colburn waited for an answer from Jennie with growing excitement. As no answer came, he grew desperate, but he held to his resolution not to pass her home or see her in the park until he should have that answer. Months passed; the months strung along into a year. Still no answer came from Jennie. Finally, he gave her up for lost. Upon being graduated from the university, he left his home town, Los Angeles, took up work in Chicago, got married, raised a family, and lived prosperously in the latter city for forty years. Then his wife died. Being left alone now and seeing that his children were no longer dependent on him, he decided to return to the town of his birth and youth, Los Angeles, where he sought to live in retirement. He retained his position as President of the Colburn Construction Company but only in name; a substitute did the work.

“On returning to Los Angeles, Gregory Colburn did not take up his abode in his former home. That place he had sold years ago with every piece of furniture in it. Thus the old bureau with its drawer full of rubbish remained unmolested. The new owners of the house evidently had found no use for the bureau and had stored it in an out-of-the-way corner where it stood neglected and forgotten until a fire

threatened to sweep the house to the ground. In the excitement caused by the fire the old piece of furniture, together with other things, had been carried out into the yard. Here the drawer, filled with musty and long-forgotten papers, fell out of its place and yielded up its contents. The owner of the house gave these papers a hasty glance to see if they were of any value, and as luck would have it, opened the pamphlet-like advertisement and in it found a sealed letter addressed to Mr. Gregory Colburn. He returned the letter to the post office where the postmaster took pains to have the address advertised in the local newspaper in connection with the write-up about the fire.

“The paper carrying the news about the fire and the addressed letter came into the hands of Mr. Colburn and gave him a round of excitement. He thought of his old home with regret and wondered what the letter might mean. Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, his long-forgotten romance with Jennie Leslie shot into his memory. He hurried to the post office to claim the letter. The address was written in a girlish hand. The sight of it made his heart flutter. For some seconds he thought of destroying the letter that he might never know if it really had come from Jennie. But curiosity got the better of him. He opened it and saw the answer to his letter sent forty years ago. The answer was all that he could have wanted. It was filled with expressions of friendship and love

warmer than those he had employed. She even offered to go to the ends of the earth with him and begged him to save her from Julius Rowan whom her father wanted her to marry. She asked him to meet her of an evening in the park for the purpose of making plans for their future. All, everything she would do to be with him. This was the letter never received until at this late date. Mr. Colburn was stunned. That letter meant a broken heart coming out of the rubbish of an old bureau drawer. He would find Jennie even now, so he resolved. The task of tracing her whereabouts did not prove difficult. Here in Opoulusa the trail ended.

"Coming to Opoulusa, Mr. Colburn found that Jennie Leslie had married Julius Rowan, but that now she was a widow; Rowan, her husband having died five years ago. Mr. Colburn himself being a widower, and Mrs. Rowan being a widow, nothing stood in the way of finish-

ing the romance now by marriage, though this finishing touch to the love of their youth had been delayed by forty years. The bride and the groom are each past sixty, but in spite of their age, they are happy as larks. Here is romance for you, Fred Hunt, with a vengeance and splendid news to boot. But if you will be as slow in your romance with Mrs. Rowan's — I should say Mrs. Colburn's granddaughter, as you are in picking up a good story, your romance will likely also require forty years for completion. Yet, don't forget to use the incident I have related to you for a serial in our "Daily Times." You may go now."

"Sir," replied Hunt, "thanks for the story and for the valuable information you have given me. I shall not be slow in my romance; I shall guard against misplaced letters, and I shall write the serial for our paper. Again, thanks for so good a time. Good night."

The New Year

by

Charles Froelich '36

Old Year is passing the portal of death
Sensing the torpor of lotus-sad breath;
One moment more, and his last sigh is gone;
The winds sing his dirge in notes of the swan.

Merrily sounds the sweet twilight bell
Singing the parting Old Year's farewell;
Tinkling its welcome to the happy New Year
Telling fell sorrow to flee with its fear.

Herald of plenty, oh, give us our fill,
Place on each forehead the sign of good will!
Bring us your hundreds of most happy days;
Bring bounty, in measure that's worthy of praise.

She Ruled the Panther

● By Aurele Durocher, '36

THE heavens were fair on that day in 1272 A. D. when the French army with good King Louis IX in command landed in Damietta, Egypt. The king, together with his soldiers, was confident that the great Crusade then in progress would end triumphantly for Christianity. There was no room for failure in this military campaign which came to be the last of the Crusades, for the King had seen to it that every soldier was equipped down to chinstrap and last button with necessities for battle. The army, moreover, was staffed with excellent officers, and supplies were more than abundant. To add to the good cheer of the Crusaders, news came from Cairo that the Turkish Sultan had died; and that with his passing away, all law and order ceased to exist. The Moslem army itself was said to be in mutiny. No wonder then that the French army was jubilant. But in spite of seeming advantages, history records that the last Crusade ended in dismal failure. Why? The French council of war had reckoned without one important factor, namely, Shadjar ad Darr, or Pearl Spray, as she became known to the European world.

The New Sultana

Who was Pearl Spray? By what chain of intrigue did she rise from the condition of a poor slave girl to the honors of a Sultana? By whose permission had she been allowed to fling off the veil customarily worn by women of Islam and to appear in public as one having charge of state affairs? Her early life is shrouded in the seclusion strictly imposed by Mohammedanism upon all women. It is not even known how she came to be an inmate of the Sultan's seraglio at Cairo. She appears on the scene of public ministry without any background in governmental matters. A crisis alone in the local government was responsible for her rise to a commanding position, and a governmental crisis alone put the reigns of supreme command into her slave-girl hands. She emerges from past obscurity as a recognized and imperious Sultana, and the dire distress of the hour gave her supreme right and authority such as no other Mohammedan Sultana is ever known to have exercised. In public distress, a government will grasp at every straw like a drowning man, and it sometimes happens that the seeming straw proves to be a plank

which serves as a life saver in the waves of despair. The opportunity was at hand for anyone to grasp who was intelligent enough and who could command sufficient respect to rule the situation. Pearl Spray had the intuition and genius required by the crisis that at the time harassed the Caliphate at Cairo. In consequence she could lay aside the usual restrictions placed upon women by custom and by the Koran.

No sooner had the old Sultan Ayub died, when Pearl Spray began signing official documents and stamping them with the royal seal. The native Mamelukes, bewildered at her acts, raised a tumult of opposition. But they received curt orders from her, and, what was more, they obeyed her. The palace household was soon to experience her irresistible influence. At her word efficiency was created where for a long time it had been unknown. But not only within the circle of the court and palace was her authority supreme; it extended also to diplomatic affairs and to military councils. No general or officer dared to countermand her orders whether in the field or in the barracks. It was she who planned the strategy which badly crippled the Crusading army at the town of Monsurah and which gradually led to the capture of King Louis himself. Barring her leadership, the Crusade in Egypt would most likely have met with brilliant success. There was none among the outstanding men in the government nor in the army at Cairo who could assume command

in the hope of gaining the required support. An evil genius, Baibars, also called the Panther, stood in the way of every man who might aspire to rule. All the men feared Baibars and hated him, but no one dared to oppose him. Yet he felt that intrigue, deceit, and probable assassination would prove his undoing if he were to attempt to seize the government. He had used these dastardly weapons against others most freely and had good reasons to fear that they would be turned against him with telling effect. In spite of his cunning, trickery, and cruelty, Baibars found his match in a mere woman.

She Ruled the Panther

The one characteristic which outbalanced all the other traits of Pearl Spray was her bold fearlessness. Baibars, the Panther, might rage, threaten, and spew forth his colicky rheum concerning her, but he could not defeat her purpose and designs. She confronted him with a calm self-possession that could not be ruffled by his most stormy vituperation. The man whose name smote the hearts of others with terror; the man who in characteristic Moslem fashion had slain one Sultan and mortally wounded another; the man who had earned the name of "Malik Dahir," Triumphant king; this man Pearl Spray juggled like a bauble in the palm of her hand. His seasoned treachery was matched by deeper guile on her part; his orders were overruled and his advices frustrated by her uncanny craftiness.

SHE RULED THE PANTHER

What perhaps was most galling to Baibars in his accustomed arrogance was the disconcerting way in which a presumptuous young woman could hide important military secrets from him. He boldly remonstrated, he swore the blackest oaths, he threatened direst vengeance whenever he found himself kept in the dark as to the next move to be made against the Crusaders, but his rage was met alternately with a laugh or a frown and with such stinging words as, "You are no longer a counsellor, but merely a general, subject to the obeying of orders and to dismissal for failure to carry them out." Brave words, indeed, when addressed by a mere young woman to a hardened rascal. When these facts were noised about, no wonder that Pearl Spray was hailed in Cairo as Queen of the Moslems.

Evidently to protect themselves against the power of the cruel and aspiring Baibars, the Mameluke Ameers agreed to support the government of Pearl Spray until the dangerous claws of the old Panther would be clipped and rendered innocuous. In this scheme they succeeded during the entire Crusade of King Louis IX in Egypt. It was Louis' good luck that Pearl Spray and not Baibars held the highest command in Cairo, when, he, the King, was taken prisoner. The bloody Baibars would have thought of nothing but torture and death for any Christian prisoner. Pearl, however, had learned to admire the character and personality of Louis, and though a heavy ransom was de-

manded, probably at the instigation of the Ameers, he was set at liberty through her influence. Shortly after this event, Pearl Spray disappears from history and that as suddenly as she came on the scene. If Baibars had a hand in making away with her is not known for certain, but he, the old Panther, did become Sultan later on. Characterless as he was, it may well be supposed that if Pearl lived to see the day of his ascendancy to power, she also saw the day of dreadful retribution at his hands.

Pearl's Parallels in History

It is not unusual in the annals of the world to find women holding prominent positions in both politics and war. Queens in great number have ruled countries and some of them have even showed themselves at the battle front as did Cleopatra of Egypt and Boadicea of the ancient Britons. A mere girl, St. Joan of Arc, fought bravely in the ranks toward the close of the Hundred-Years War between England and France. Hence it is nothing astonishing that a young woman like Pearl Spray should come to the front in a crisis. Hers, however, was not the glory of fighting in the field of blood and death, but hers is the honor of keen intuition, of reckless boldness in dealing with the fierce Mameluke Turks, of intrigue and strategy in military matters, and above all, of fearlessness in opposing cruelly fierce men like Baibars, the Panther.

Adverse Winds

by

William Callahan, '37



Rock gently the leaf-laden, grief-laden tree tops of Fall.

The clouds are molding
As Zephyrs come tumbling,
Rolling from Aeolus'
Caverns a-rumbling,
Strumming their melodies
With colors as chords,
Whose gentle vibrations
As stately as lords
Rock gently the leaf-laden, grief-laden tree tops of Fall.

Thus comes upon us from his
 hollow lair
That demon of winds, the
 wind of despair,
Attempting to crush the soul
 in our breast
Where Hope must hold favor,
 or life's but a jest.

The mold on the clouds
Is fast disappearing,
As fearful Aquilo,
No longer uprearing
His frost-covered head,
Yields place to the South Wind
In balmy climes bred.

ADVERSE WINDS

The tune of the tree tops
Again is resuming;
The chords are inspiring,
With happiness booming.
The greenwood in freshness
With radiant gladness
All sorrow and weal
With a glorious madness
To a death of remembrance now calmly is dooming.

And thus as the South Wind
so gently in springtime,
Mildly as loved one, but firmly
ly with power,
Sweet Hope with persistence
pervades every mind
Like odor of incense through
fair Eastern bower.

Hope dulls all the forces of
Gloom and Regret;
And flows from new sources
for trials still unmet.
Then back to its slime-laden
troublous lair,
With grandiose power and
majesty rare,
It lashes that Demon, that
foulest of monsters,
That fraudulent Demon, that
monster — Despair.

My Thrills at Hunting

● By John Spatt, '37

Unexpected thrills at hunting send me home in disgust. I had not bargained for the difficulties I met, the scares I got and the verbal blasts that set me thinking.



He came to the tree and climbed up to me very nimbly.

JANUARY brought the hunting season into full blast in my home-land, Northern Michigan. In spite of the many deaths occurring because hunters were mistaken for anything like rabbits or deer, I felt the urge to try my luck and run my risk at the old sport with knife and gun. I cleaned out my reliable Remington scatter-shot, gave my Model T Ford a looking over, and drove away to a deep forest, forty miles distant.

At once I came upon a thicket of underbrush as I tried to enter that forest. Like a good hunter, I was provided with an ax. Dropping my gun, I seized the ax and proceeded to cut my way lustily through bush and briar. A rustle in the leaves brought my first game into sight. A mere rabbit caused the rustling and in turn rustled my head so badly that I raised my ax to fire at the

swiftly disappearing game. Gorsh, I felt like a fool when my head calmed down. "A hunter should always keep his gun in hand," I said to myself, but that wasn't nearly all the self-reproach that I spoke in words loud enough for any one to hear at a distance of fifty yards. Going to get my gun, I flung the ax in the direction of my Ford and prepared to do as a real hunter, namely, get right down on that stomach of mine and wriggle through underbrush like hare and hound.

Fifteen minutes of writhing and squirming through briars and heaps of dead leaves brought me in sight of a tufty puff of brown fur which projected from behind the trunk of a tree just a little way ahead of me. I drew the bead carefully, but as I pulled the trigger, a muffled grunt disturbed me causing my shot to go

wild. Another volley of self-reproach was in order at this blundering, and I gave it with all the lilt of rhyme and rhythm at my command. This time I was heard, not by some one, but by something, and the thing came to hunt for me. I had scarcely reached the tree which had partially concealed the mark at which I aimed, when grunts, now no longer muffled, attracted my attention. Crashing through the underbrush came a big black bear. A low growl rumbled from the old grizzly's throat when he saw me. I did not growl in return; but my brains must have rattled loud enough to make considerable noise, for the bear pricked his ears as if listening to my words. I am sure that I said nothing, for I was nailed to the spot, stiff with fear. This was oversized game; I was not out for a bear hunt.

Lumbering slowly, showing his fine white teeth, lolling out his blood-red tongue from his blood-red throat came that sullen creature evidently designing to take a few luscious bites out of me for his dinner. As it happened, I always had the wrong weapon in my hand for the game that came in sight. Here and now my ax would have been more suitable for attack than my gun. Plainly, safety for me lay in flight; flight, under the circumstances, meant to climb a tree. In a split second, I snapped back to normal; threw away my gun, and climbed with the agility of a squirrel. The bear seemingly was amazed at my trick. He stopped at some distance from the tree I had climbed and eyed me wonderingly. Before

him on the ground lay my gun. Having grown tired of looking at me, he picked up the gun and played with it. I was heartily wishing that it would fire and scare the last grain of bear sense out of him, but guns never fire when they should. Presently, he dropped the gun, came to the tree and started to climb up to me very nimbly.

Seeing the bear approach, I shimmyed out as far as I safely could on the highest limb that would carry me. When I observed that the bear attempted to shimmy along that limb also, I gave myself up for lost. Just as my hair were about to stand on end from fear, I heard some one yelling loudly: "Come down from there, you crazy beast." Hearing these words, the bear made his way to the ground. I followed quickly seeing that the bear was now in the keeping of his master. This time I had no chance to reproach myself; the bear trainer did all the reproaching. That fellow would not give me time to put in a word edgewise. He divided his volley of cutting epithets between me and the bear and ended by accusing me of trying to kill his pet bruin. I tried to tell him that it was the other way around, but to no avail. He insisted that he had taken his pet out for a gambol in the woods, and that I was spying about to get a bear's pelt. I would have felt relieved at telling him that he was worse than a brute, but he was stronger than I. The thing for me to do was to clamp down on words, pick up my gun and leave the woods.

I did not go directly for my Ford.

Things had turned out unsatisfactorily so far, and I did not want to make them look more so by returning home with an empty game bag. In a clearing, edging on the woods, I shuffled about spying for rabbits. But I could no longer be content with what I was doing. That bear trainer's words buzzed through my head and made my blood tingle with ideas of what I should have done to him. Not being able to concentrate on hunting any longer, I thought of going home with nothing to my credit but chagrin. But like an unexpected visitor, luck often comes on the trail of a dying hope. Right in my way, scarcely removed by twenty feet from a clump of tumbleweeds, two long bunny ears pointed upwards in sharp attention. I stepped back softly that I might not frighten the rabbit into running and quickly took a good aim. What at first appeared to be a pair of long ears, now seemed to be but withered leaves. I stood perplexed craning my neck and straining my sight. Then came catastrophe.

As I was undecided for a long time whether I would shoot or not, I did a lot of puttering around. A gentle horse, browsing about that clearing, happened to notice me and came up

to inspect what I was doing. I didn't trouble about the horse, only I feared that it might scare the rabbit. Again I raised my gun, took a long and intent aim, and was about to fire when that horse coming from behind me, put its nose on my shoulder and snorted. For an instant, I thought of the bear. Bang! I fired into the blue. The horse squealed from fright at the sudden explosive noise and kicked its hind hoofs high above my head. The rabbit galloped away for dear life, while I whirled around on one heel in a delirium of fear, dizzy as a weathercock in a windstorm. When I regained my composure, there was nothing else to do but to look for my gun. I had hurled it fully fifty feet away. That was the end of my hunting trip.

Straighter than I could shoot, I now hurried to my rickety old Ford and drove home with a load of embarrassment vexing me. I had no game, but I had thrills in plenty. Not one of them was enjoyable; even the memory of them was not pleasing to me. I did not care to live through any one of them again, but for many days, I did wish for a chance to meet that bear trainer and his bear with a club in my hand in a pitch dark alley.



Tennyson Told the Story

● By William Callahan, '37

VIBRANT with interest, teeming with thought provoking epigrams, and related in the dignified and poetically beautiful style of Tennyson's hexameter — this and more is the story of "Locksley Hall."

In it we have none of the ambitious allegory nor the high-flown idealism characteristic of Tennyson's "chef d'oeuvre," "The Idylls of the King." That powerful motive and strengthening philosophy of the "War of Sense on Soul" found in the "Idylls," we somehow miss in "Locksley Hall."

It seems that the author himself is struggling in a sea of doubts and conflicting emotions in this somewhat melancholic pastoral. Even at the end of his poetic story, because he has found his material philosophy insufficient, he is more dissatisfied than ever, but he determines to assume a stoical attitude and leaps once again into the maelstrom of earthly life, "For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go." In contrast with "The Idylls," "Locksley Hall" seems intensely realistic. It is thoroughly alive with human interest, for two of the strongest emotions known to man

are brought into action. These emotions, love and grief, cast their influence as it were in the form of minute electrons into the reader's feelings and make him sympathize with the broken love and the poignant sorrow of the disappointed person whose fate is described in the poem.

The bare plot and the manner of detailing it are suggestive of Tennyson's own inimitable method. Rather remarkable, however, is the absence of any attempt at teaching a lesson in "Locksley Hall." Though Tennyson is generally not obtrusive in his moralizing, yet this practice is so germane to his nature that in this poem he must have avoided his natural tendency by making a special resolution to the contrary. In consequence, the story brings home its portrayal of life with unusual vividness.

The theme of the poem is not new. Only Tennyson with his literary wizardry could give it new power. Without stopping to think of anything new while reading this pastoral, we follow eagerly the picture of the young lover, idealistically and dreamily sanguine for the future. Then, suddenly, with a thump

in the chest, we see the lover's dreams shattered in the cataclysm of his rejected love. To him further living in this world seems torture. His jaundiced eye, as Tennyson says, sees that "All things here are out of joint." His intelligence, however, comes to the fore and tries to find comfort in the mere light of his reason. Bitterly he remarks:

"Am I mad, that I should cherish
that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom,
though my heart be at the root."

In chagrined resignation, the lover is made to see his own comparative insignificance. He feels that the world outside of himself is beyond his control. The thorn of galling experience prods him relentlessly. This experience is knowledge of the ill fate which haunts him, a knowledge which turns into wisdom and makes him a wiser man. Puzzled in mind, he musingly speaks the words:

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
and I linger on the shore;
And the individual withers, and the
world is more and more."

But this philosophy is insufficient to quiet the lover's restless mind. There is a note of despair in it which precludes peace. Instead of being a real remedy for his discomfiture, it merely awakens his mind to the truth that "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." That he should discover solace in loftier ideals, in higher

things than this earthly life alone can offer, does not occur to him. He hoped to find delight in gratifying his passion, but he is left to flounder helplessly in its ever vexing storms. That these ideas as suggested by the poem come close to moralizing is true, but the moral is not logically carried to any conclusion, and it would thus seem that Tennyson never intended to convey a moral lesson, or, if he saw the lesson approaching dangerously close, he purposely disregarded it. He permits the lover to stand disconsolate and alone in the face of a harrowing experience.

Desperately looking for some place of refuge from the tormenting past, the lovelorn youth thinks of losing himself in a distant savage country: "Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat." But his finer spirit shrinks from the thought as it says to him, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Finally assuming a mantle of stoicism, he resolves to cease nursing his sorrows and to strike out with bold strokes, thus to lose himself in the world's turmoil.

To regard "Locksley Hall" as being nothing more than a simple story would mean doing the author a great injustice. It is deeply philosophical in tracing the avenues on which passions come and go to brighten or darken a person's moods. Striking aphorisms and reflections are woven into the poem so profusely that a reader can hardly escape being reminded of the axio-

TENNYSON TOLD THE STORY

matic verses of Alexander Pope. A single illustration will sufficiently illustrate this tendency toward laconic diction.

“Cursed be the social wants that sin
against the strength of youth,
Cursed be the social lies that warp
us from the living truth.”

It would be difficult to find a poem that will excel “Locksley Hall” in delicate and artistic beauty. To keep the ponderous hexameter couplet from growing monotonous must have taxed Tennyson’s poetic skill to the utmost, but in this respect he succeeded so well that no monotony, no tiresome repetition can be felt. With subtle power, he brings any one who reads this poem under a lingering spell of deep reflection, and by using the solemn, bass-tone

of the hexameter he achieved just this effect. Indeed, in pure sonorous flow and haunting melody, the poem will easily hold up to the best standards set by the greatest poets in the English language.

Not only is the poetry beautiful in “Locksley Hall,” but the story is also fascinating. The gems of thought scattered through it make us feel, after we have read it, that we have experienced something impressive and charming. We feel uplifted, as though we had listened to a mighty symphony carefully recorded in the powerful chords of living words. In fine, if Tennyson had written nothing better, this poem with its poignant story would do him long-continued honor as a masterpiece.

My Life

by

Lawrence Mertes, '36

Like careless lads,
I reel and dance
When fires of life run high;
By day, by night, I live in joy
And shout defy to sluggish moods
That would debar me
From the sight
Of these fair things I love to see;
That would debar me
From the sound
Of these sweet tunes I love to hear.

I'll leave the past
To weep its dead;
For me the years stand far ahead.
When thorns of woe have pricked my flesh;
When flames of trials have scorched my breast;
I'll laugh at those
Who whine and wail
While I shall boldly set my sail,
For future winds
As well may bring
Me right to Fortune's wealthy shore.

More Hardness

● By Ambrose Lengerich, '36

HARD as marble!" Till a century ago this expression indicated a superior measure of impenetrability. At the present time, if used, it hardly conveys any idea of particular hardness at all. In this age of corundum and diamond steel, marble has almost come to be rated with feather pillows and rubber cushions in softness, though no one, even if he be a worker in the hardest materials, has as yet pronounced a marble seat or a marble pillow invitingly comfortable. Marble, however, has lost its appeal to the public mind when there is question of hardness. In this respect, it gave way to iron, to granite, and to a host of other things, whether these were products of nature's cunning or of the manufacturer's skill. The wonder is that marble was ever considered to be very hard, when knowledge of the diamond, in its crude state, reaches back almost two thousand years into human history. But marble was as plentiful as the diamond was rare, and it is plentiful things which capture popular attention.

The ever increasing demand for greater hardness has in turn pushed granite and iron out of the rank which once they held. What is the

hardness of granite nowadays? What is the hardness of iron? True, the worker in stone still entertains some respect for the resistance which granite offers to his tools, but the worker in metal has no more esteem for the hardness of iron than he has for that of a hard-boiled egg. In modern industry where materials of such stubborn resistance as emery itself must be smoothened, shaped, and fitted by the mere pull of a lever or the twist of a wheel, a tool of granite or of iron would be as useless as tissue paper. Thus the problems of industry have put ever mounting burdens on the ingenuity of the metallurgists whose business it is to outstrip new degrees of resistance by discovering new degrees of hardness.

In this widespread and distressingly persistent effort at bringing metals and minerals into compositions, hitherto unknown, for the sake of achieving higher degrees of hardness, a result was obtained in recent times that is truly astonishing. In the process of experimenting, a handful of carbon grains went into a mixing bowl with a tiny quantity of tungsten and a fair proportion of cobalt. After fusing the mixture and allowing it to cool,

MORE HARDNESS

the alloy proved to be a miracle of hardness. As a tool material it came to be called carboloy.

By the aid of carboloy as a trimming and cutting agent many new substances, new at least as to their use in industries, will be workable, and, in consequence, articles shaped from these substances will serve their purpose much longer than the things made up till now from softer materials. Among tools themselves, many, like the diamond-tipped drills and cutters, will find their way into safekeeping, while carboloy will take their place with greater efficiency. It cuts where tool steel could not leave a mark and works with an ease and precision that is surprising. Without chipping, it winds its way about a glass rod and bores its way through corundum without dulling its edge. "As hard as carboloy" should now become the measure of expressing impenetrability. One other advantage it has over all tools in industrial use, and that is its indifference to heat. While other tools lose their temper in proportion to the heat developed in work, a carboloy tool may run to red heat without softening. In hardness, of course, it has not reached the diamond, but it does not fall short of that degree of rigidity. Though it has no beauty like the diamond, it is far more useful. It shows, furthermore, beyond a doubt that the metallurgists are producing alloys that bid fair to overcome the boast of the mineralogists in the quality of hardness.

If carboloy will be suitable for

cutlery, especially in the form of penknives and razors, its hardness may save the present unending labor of sharpening. Once sharpened, a razor blade, if made out of this material, may last a normal human a life time without further honing or stropping, and penknives similarly would not become dull in spite of endless whittling. Surely a metal which can peel a layer of skin as it were from a glass rod without chipping or hacking and can pare off curling ribbons of steel from the hardest blocks of this material without readily growing dull should not lose its edge at all when used to cut the mere bristles of human beards or when used for the ordinary purposes of penknives. For an enterprising inventor there may be a chance for making millions here.

Whatever else may be hidden behind the veil of the future with respect to increased hardness in alloys of metals lies outside of guessing, but carboloy has given hopeful signs that the road is open for the metallurgist to reach the hardness of the diamond by preparing new compounds. Though carbon itself which enters largely into the manufacture of carboloy is the hardest substance known, yet who can tell what will be the result when it is compounded with other materials of which there is almost an endless variety. Perhaps at a day not far distant, carbon may find an affinity that will make so hard a compound with it as will peel the diamond even as carboloy now peels the hardest varieties of glass.

Night

by

Leslie Henrikson, '36

A specter swathed in somber veil,
On ebon chariot driven,
In silhouette appears more pale
Than ghost that died unshriven.

And when its horses' sharpened hoofs
On flinty stones are striking,
The living sparks quick give me proofs
Of ghouls not to my liking.

I watch this specter on its flight,
Till out of ken it's gliding,
Then bid farewell to ghastly Night
As morning Stars come riding.



My Dream

by

Earl Hoos, '36

Of all the dreams I've ever dreamt
The loveliest one which e'er was sent
To me by God was Nature's dream:
A land with beauty all agleam.

I saw the flowers, pink and white,
Bloom forth like stars into the night;
I saw the hand of Nature fill
The grass with green on mead and hill.

In joy, I dreamt on through the night,
Until the darkness turned to light.
To God, my thanks, for dreams like these
That lap me in Hesperides.

Walking on Razor Blades

My attempt at skating brings the usual bumps and hard knocks, but more painful than these was the ridicule coming from an unexpected source.

● By Charles Bricker, '37

IT WAS a cold morning in January. My buddy, Joe Stubbs, entering the house with a beatific smile called out, "Hey, Charlie, are you going to keep your promise today?"

Contemplating the arctic temperature, the drifted snow, the sharp wind, I did not immediately reply. On several occasions I had evaded fulfilling the promise made some months previous in a moment of weakness. Now I could not in decency fabricate another excuse, so I consented to go skating with Joe. After dressing in the proper ensemble, we began our trek to the river in the teeth of a cold north wind.

Huge in many layers of garments, we walked with difficulty to the measure of clanking skates. The half mile to the river seemed doubly far; the snow crunched underfoot with a brittle sound; and the wind like frozen steel sent chills along our spines. Despite the heavy insulation the frosty air penetrated seemingly to the bone. I didn't want Joe to know that I couldn't "take it," so I suffered in silence. Finally, sense triumphing over pride, I was forced to declare my discomfiture.

"Joe, I'm nearly frozen," I said with chattering teeth.

"So am I," admitted Joe, "Let's run."

We ran, not with the grace and speed of winged Mercuries, but with much of the ungainliness of over corpulent ostriches. By the time we came to the river, I was quite warm, though breathless.

"Well, here we are!" cried Joe in great glee, "Now we'll have no trouble in keeping warm."

Coming down the bank, I beheld a vast field of ice. Joe was already putting on his skates. By the time I had found a suitable place to sit, Joe was already on the ice.

"Ready, Charlie?" he sang out as he cut a "figure eight."

At my denial, he glided away, just when I was all thumbs in lacing my shoes. Finally I was able to stand on the razor blades. So much time had I consumed in putting on the blades that my hands were numb. I endeavored to warm them with my breath. Putting on my gloves I essayed a few strokes, albeit timid ones. Before becoming more venturesome, I made certain of Joe's whereabouts. Far down the river I

saw him disappear around a distant bend. I preferred privacy while taking infant steps and bumps on skates.

Caution preserved me from serious calamity for a few minutes. Then emboldened by success, I strove to imitate Joe's long graceful strokes. Things now happened — "fast and furious." My left foot moved rapidly to the north, my right, at a tangent: one foot went north, the other south, and I went down — Ouch! Hardly a soft landing! As I sat on the ice with a little of my courage jarred loose, I couldn't for the world see why it wouldn't be just as easy to walk on ice with ordinary shoes. But walking in shoes with razor blades attached was the style. As a result I sought laurels once again.

Ye gods! My feet began to move. "This time," I thought, "I won't fall." But the left foot had a decided penchant for the east and the right foot chose the opposite direction, while I wanted to go north; instead, I descended rapidly, landing certainly and painfully on the rear of my anatomy. Sitting there, I recovered my dazed forces. With grimness of intent, I resolved never to fall again, at least not on the ice. With groans, I succeeded in standing on the razor blades once more.

"Ready to go," I said, "Take it easy, now, old man. Hot dog! Both of my feet are traveling in the same direction!"

But they went too fast. I couldn't keep up with them. Oh my head! What caused the bump? My feet

went the same direction, but with so much decision that they ran out from under me. In this fashion, I made my third trip to the icy mat. Aching with pain and sore with bruises, I conceived the brilliant idea of leaving the field of dishonor. Where was Joe? Candidly I didn't care about Joe, because he was the fault of all my misfortunes this morning, and especially because I preferred not to have him as witness of my wretched performance. Home I hastened without Joe.

Because of my inglorious injuries, I could negotiate only a half a step at a time. I reached home before Joe had any intention of quitting. After being in the cold air, I really found the warm house inviting. So pronounced was the contrast that I sank into an easy chair and fell asleep.

Suddenly I was awakened by several hearty laughs. I wondered what the joke was and who was the victim, for that laughter contained a note of derision. Then I heard Joe publishing to sundry persons my mishaps on the river. Even though I was the victim, it was no joke to me. I was indignant upon hearing my intimate experiences related with such gusto to an unsympathetic audience. In spite of my soreness, I leaped from the chair and hastened to the next room where Joe was holding forth.

"Stop spreading it! You weren't even around when I was skating," I yelled.

With a pitying smile Joe retorted, "You mean when you were falling."

WALKING ON RAZOR BLADES

He then proceeded to tell how he had skated up a slough which paralleled the river. When he had come opposite the place where I was going through my mad gyrations, he concealed himself behind some bushes and saw it all. Humiliated to the "nth" degree because of his insufferable revelations, I picked up my skates, and, without further ado, left the house with all the dignity I could muster. With the calmest deliberation I threw those skates away, and returned to the house. Upon my entering the living room Joe told me that he would give me

the best pair of skates available as a birthday present.

"You don't have to taunt me about it," I gasped in a fit of rage, "Cursed be all skates!"

Somehow his offer echoed in my ears after I had retired to my den. Mulling things over in my mind, my better nature had a chance to assert itself. I finally determined to purchase a pair of those razor bladed shoes and earnestly learn to skate. Hah! A triumphant vision surged through my imagination — that of beating Joe in a skating race at the Olympics.

Wisdom's Call

by

Albert VanNevel, '36

When Wisdom calls,
May I be found as one
Who'll bend a docile ear,
And follow her great beacon light
Which brightens every step
To that sole fount of knowledge
Where she would have me drink my fill.

May I obey her voice
That speaks most clearly
In a soothing calm.
To hear her word,
I'll get me hence
From noisy streets
And make my home with solitude.

In her companionship alone,
I'm sure to find such treasure rare
As will surcharge the mind
Grown gluttonous for knowledge.

Her counsels, too,
Are wrapped in words most tuneful sweet,
As if each word took form
Within the rose's opening bud
And then was dropped
Like honeyed petal in the mellow breeze.

At her direction,
May I build the fabric of my life
And keep my days devoid of futile strife.

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EDITORIALS



A Little Vacation

Chock full with the wisdom of the ages is the old saying, "All work and no play makes Johnny a dull boy." Whether it be a long vacation or a short one, the purpose is just the same — to cure Johnny's dullness. Like a pendulum swinging from side to side, human nature passes from one phase or mode of life to another. No human being is content for long to stay within the restricted area of certain positions or surroundings. Change is welcomed; it is wanted. Man must work, but he must also relax.

The most important element in the restorative power of a period of rest, known as a vacation, is the tang of liberty or freedom. As with the business man, so with the student, when the release from routine is at hand, a feeling of buoyancy makes itself felt, causing a revival of spirits and even a humming of merry tunes that suggest ease of mind and bodily comfort. The torture of continuous concentration on work and the shackles of duty fall away before the sense of approaching relief, and man emerges for a time from his daily mode of existence a new man, a free man.

Work, when again resumed, passes along more rapidly because the enemy of work, fatigue, has been overcome by a period of rest, a change. What scrubbing is to a house, what washing is to clothes, vacation is to man's mind and body. Few people, if any, who know that fatigue causes inefficiency will deny the necessity of vacations.

G. C. M.

Student Councils

School activities in which students take keen interest will result in their bettering. One of the most attractive interests for students in any school is participation in the management of affairs that directly concern the welfare of the student group as such. If, for instance, the necessity of obedience to the rules of the school could be presented to the students in such form as to make them proud of rendering submission to these requirements, a harassing problem in maintaining discipline would be largely solved. Student councils have given much good proof that they can assist materially in securing obedience to law and order.

Students councils, furthermore, furnish occasion for the exercise of

leadership. No organization can function orderly unless it is headed by spokesmen and leaders. If this leadership, comes from within the ranks of those who are concerned with a problem, it is likely to receive more attention and to meet with more willingness than could possibly be the case with orders and commands formally imposed. Rules and formal commands certainly have their place in every school; they are a necessity, but to enforce them, in spite of being necessary, is not easy. It is in this connection that the student council functions to good advantage. Trust always

begets a sense of responsibility, and the student council that makes itself worthy of trust will readily share the responsibility for the well-being of the school. In co-operation there is not much room for failure.

When a student is led to see that he is an integral part of the student government, his attitude towards school activities, towards discipline, and towards studies receives a desirable impulse for the better. As in all things, so in student councils, trust and responsibility walk hand in hand with capacity and power for doing real good.

H. G.

Is There Change?

by

Edward Gruber, '37

This is Nineteen Thirty-Six,
But, what change from Thirty-Five?
Night and Day will teeter totter
Just as they have always done.
Spring and Summer, Autumn, Winter
Will in time their order run.

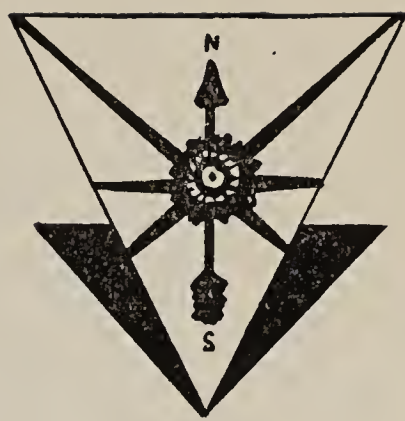
What of all my resolutions,
Which, I hoped, would bring a change?
Glorious schemes and cherished dreams,
You're but playthings of the mind,
For you've failed to curb, it seems,
Fancies which you vowed to bind.

What if there be signs of evil?
Evil cannot stay the same;
If 'twere so, I'd show good reason
Grumbling at my desperate state.
But in change there is a token
Saving me from woeful fate.

Maybe I am blind to reason —
Asking changes all too great;
Surely things about me, daily
Run the gauntlet set by time.
Nineteen Thirty-Five had virtue;
Thirty-Six may be sublime.



EXCHANGES



Conspicuously true are the words of John Macy: "Every book has its literary parentage, and criticism reads like an Old Testament chapter of 'begots.'" This is the reason why the assignment of exchange editors occasionally becomes an odious task. But to those who review college publications it is very interesting to notice the probable influences that sway individual styles of writing and thinking. In each school production to which a number of students submit personal work it would seem that a pleasant variety of style and personality would be found. In the case however, of many a college magazine we observe that it is not the individual who is borne of a favorite book or prevalent influence but the magazine itself. In this matter our own COLLEGIAN is no exception.

By careful observation one will find that scholastic journalism usually separates itself into two markedly distinct types. Characteristic of the first class is the "hurry and scurry," the mental unrest, the educational shallowness of modern college life as seen by the more staid minds of the time. The other or really valuable group is that which diffuses a spirit of learning and is filled with a desire to present intellectually beneficial articles. To this latter class belong both *The Aurora* from St. Mary-of-the-Woods College and *The Canisius Quarterly* from Canisius College.

After perusing the various exchanges of this month, we select *The Aurora* as the finest and most representative publication on our desk. This quarterly seems to be very competent in producing articles of a high literary value, which fact shows that the staff is composed of experienced writers who possess a good sense of realism together with a vivid imagination.

Perhaps its chief quality lies in the novel method of thinking about the topics chosen for treatment. This is especially true of the article entitled "The Francesca da Rimini Story in Drama." Here is a conscientious account of Dante's immortal creation, Francesca, da Rimini. The author draws selectively from her ample material on the subject and thereby gives us a comprehensive treatise. Other essays that are worthy of mention are: "Fools for Christ;" "Modern Photography;" and "A Glimpse of Robert Frost."

Interspersed among the pages of this regaling magazine are an overwhelming number of descriptive narratives. In these the delicate touch of feminine hands clouds the horizon, thereby glossing over the power of reality. Not every one of these narratives meets with our approval; however, those deserving attention are: "Hugo," a sympathetic characterization that possesses a slight tinge of humor; "R.I.P.," a vivid and grasping picture of the emptiness of death; and "To Rise or not to Rise," a truly humorous narra-

tive with an alarm clock as the gallant hero.

Softly rippling through *The Aurora* as a stream through the green meadow are many delectable poems. Some are short; others, long; all serve the purpose for which they were written — to express a beautiful idea in smooth flowing phrases. The following couplet from "Two Loves" proves the truth of this statement:

"I sorrow that the first must flee,
And yet the last is more dear to me."

In our estimation the poem with the greatest soul is "To a Dear Friend Far Away." Through this small tuneful verse the poetess skillfully gives us a human story slightly colored by a touch of the eternal. Listen to the closing strains:

"Yet my heart has just a picture,
To love till I am old,
Those nearest to the treasure
Never find the gold."

For the most part the prevailing taste of this quarterly is distinctly feminine, which accounts for the high quality of the poems and the absence of real, fast-moving short stories. Although this atmosphere of feminine delicacy pervades its pages, the subject matter has a certain distinct style peculiar to itself. In conclusion let us say that *The Aurora* has developed a productivity that can result only from thoroughgoing application to much hard work.

The Canisius Quarterly from Canisius College, Buffalo, New York, is an actual embodiment and a concrete example of what an accurate college journal should, and can be. Beginning with its distinguishing but conservative cover, *The Canisius Quarterly* runs the diapason of literary types in as far as such a thing is possible in a college publication.

A learned enlightenment upon the facts governing the life of Alexander Pope is given us in the article, "The Little Man From Windsor Forest." The author clarifies the darkness surrounding the master of the rhymed couplet. This running commentary aptly applies the words of Colton to Alexander Pope: "Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think themselves." In emphasizing this point the discussion gains so much weight that, in our opinion, the entire essay ought to be circulated more widely than a school publication will permit.

Another theme deserving of merit is "The Literary Immortality of Shakespeare." Here again is brought to light the pleasing result of much labor and conscientious research. By mixing in just the correct ratio, a searching knowledge of his topic, a novel mode of pursuing the subject in hand, and an easy though dignified literary style, the author has produced a gratifying and instructive essay.

"All in the Family" is a "happily ever after" story, but it is none of the uninteresting and shop-made kind. A cleverly conceived plot unravels itself about the slippery tongue and forgetful mind of an automobile salesman. By means of fast dialogue and realistic under-current a humorous touch is added to the complex problem of "All in the Family."

The address, "Who Should Go to College — and Why?" delivered by the Rev. James Sweeney, S.J. to the student-body, makes a very learned and instructive essay. It is indeed fitting that such intellectual and informative words as "the best preparation for life does not consist

EXCHANGES

in exposing a young man to a lot of contradictory opinions and letting him, out of the hopeless mess, construct his own philosophy," should be scattered among the Catholic students of today. *The Canisius Quarterly* has used its instructive power to great advantage by printing this address.

"A Revaluation of Values?" is an editorial that has an active mind behind fast moving and fluent words. *The Canisius Quarterly* can be thankful that it possesses such an able helmsman, for this editorial, like its writer, says something, thinks logically, and teaches truthfully. Fine work, Mr. Mulde. We congratulate you!

Not Hudibrastic verse but real, inspiring poetry greets the reader on the very first page of this quarterly. This poem is "Dawn," a beautifully personified picture of the waking day. Another poem, "To Rupert Brooke," opens with these profound words, which give an insight into the poet's ability:

"There is a corner of my heart
Where numbers flow,
And melodies of England start
Both soft and low.
And none may feel my love soul's smart—
Yet he will know."

There is nothing whatsoever pretentious about this journal, yet the poetry, the stories, the departments, all contain a suggestion or a fleeting element of beauty that amply repay reading them. Throughout its eighty pages *The Canisius Quarterly* is a first class publication, displaying a taste that should satisfy the most critical minds.

The exchange editors wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: *The Collegian* (St. Mary's College); *Calvert News* (Calvert High School); *The Tower* (St. Lawrence College); *Xaverian News* (St. Xavier College); *The Scriptorium* (St. Scholastica College); *The Ritan* (St. Rita's High School); *St. Vincent Journal* (St. Vincent's College); *The Duquesne Monthly* (Duquesne University); *Marywood College Bay Leaf* (Marywood College); *The Wag* (Routt High School); *The Gleaner* (St. Joseph's College); *The Exponent* (Dayton University); *The Pacific Star* (Mount Angel College); *Cadet Journal* (St. Joseph's Military Academy); *Red and White* (Sanford High School); *Purple Pen* (Iowa State Teachers' College); *The Chimes* (Cathedral College); *The Black Hawk* (Mount Mary College); and *The Clepsydra* (Mundelein College).

R. J. T., '36
N. F. D., '36





SAINT AMONG SAVAGES

By Francis Talbot, S. J.

Once more *The Jesuit Relations* have been the source of an interesting and worth-while book. Father Talbot has made good use of the archives of his religious community in his recent publication which limns the life of a great Jesuit hero, the saint among savages, Father Isaac Jogues. In his attempt to depict the life of St. Isaac, Father Talbot has succeeded admirably. The reader never loses sight of the one beautiful, heroic figure, the gentleman, the scholar, the saint, in the midst of barbarous savages. He lived among cannibals, not through obedience to superiors, but voluntarily, returning to them again and again with delight at the possibility of saving their souls, or of making sure of his own salvation through martyrdom.

The life of a saint is usually dry and slow-moving, but not so this one, for it is so filled with adventure and excitement that anyone will enjoy it for the interesting narrative itself. Then the knowledge one gains of the hardships suffered by the missionaries, of the mode of Indian life, with its crude warfare and cruel punishment of prisoners, its laughable superstitions and beliefs, makes this book different; it gives it a realistic touch; it

gives it novelty, the quality that popularizes. As a narrative, *Saint Among Savages* is thrilling; as a biography it is inspiring. No better combination of the two types can be found.

The same story that is told in *Saint Among Savages* was told by Father Neil Boyton, S. J., in *Mangled Hands*, with this difference: Boyton begins his story with Father Jogues traveling down the St. Lawrence River to Quebec in 1643, just before his capture by the Mohawks; Talbot, on the other hand, narrates the complete life of the martyred saint, from his birth in Orleans, France, to his death in the unknown wilderness of America. Not only in scope does Talbot surpass Boyton, but also in the qualities of rhetoric and diction. It is not my intention to denounce *Mangled Hands*, for it was written primarily for the amusement of children. Its narrative qualities are, therefore, much more pronounced than its biographical qualities. But *Saint Among Savages* is both excellent narration and excellent biography.

It is an established fact that biographies of saints are seldom read outside of the three days of our annual retreat, but you will do well to read *Saint Among Savages* as soon as possible.

E. G., '37

BOOK SHELF

THE PARTNERSHIP

By Phyllis Bentley

"Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt."

These words of Shakespeare loomed before me as I finished reading *The Partnership*, closed the book and reflected on what I had read. Tragedy is stamped on every page of this tale of English provincial life; tragedy seizes every character; tragedy even wins the fight. Whatever other course it might have taken, it is there stalking madly about like a murderous beast attacking those who disregard the laws upon which society leans for support, hurling them down to their own ruin, and even tearing the innocent who try to save them. In civil law, justice demands that the guilty suffer; in life, the good are not spared.

Tragedy enters the home of Mr. Mellor, an Anglican minister, when Annice, the eldest daughter of a poor factory laborer, comes in as maid. Her mischief entangles her and Lydia, the minister's daughter, in a web of episodes from which there is no human escape. The hand of an artist is evident in the weaving of this web, but good judgment is lacking, for tragedy is so much over-stressed that all else is forgotten, and this is certainly not true to life. A happy ending, to my mind, would have greatly improved the book.

When first published in 1928, *The Partnership* was not received enthusiastically by the reading public. Since then Miss Bentley has grown in power and popularity; her more recent novels, *A Modern Tragedy*, *Inheritance*, and *The Spinner of Years*, have placed her on the list of the best story tellers of our day. On the appearance of *A Modern Tragedy* in 1935, for example, some critics her-

alded her as a modern George Eliot. This acclaim prompted her to issue a new edition of *The Partnership*.

To be critical with Phyllis Bentley I think she has overstepped the ordinary course of life in several instances. Tragedy is her theme, but in developing this theme she seems to forget all else but tragedy; she forgets that life also has joys and pleasures besides gloom and tragedy. Then again Lydia's lover is pictured throughout the book as a strong character, deeply in love; but in the end he runs away from Lydia, thus giving the impression of a coward. An explanation for this change from a strong character to a coward, might be that Miss Bentley tried to show the gradual degradation of that character. But this is highly improbable, for no other step of degradation is mentioned, nor is there any reason in the plot of the story to degrade the character.

But Phyllis Bentley has several laudable qualities which serve to counteract this criticism. Her description of the minister makes him a well-formed type character, steadfast in his Anglican beliefs, and charitable and kind without limit; it makes him a character that cannot be mistaken. Lydia likewise is a character that lives throughout the book. There is a remarkable similarity between her and the minister, which identifies her as his daughter; she inherited his charity, his kindness, his religious fervor. She is her father through and through.

To my mind this book is not best suited to juveniles. Its beauty is too deeply hidden in the characters to be properly appreciated by immature minds. Only the older person, experienced in life, will enjoy its hidden beauty as the author intended it. Read it if you will; enjoy it

if you can; but judge it, not from your own opinion of a good book but from the purpose of the author.

E. G., '37

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY A Movie

Mutiny on the Bounty is a picture that took two years to complete and cost two million dollars. The story, a bloody page torn from the annals of English naval history, tells of mutiny on board the Tahitian bound ship, *Bounty*. The half-starved crew rebels against the tyrannical discipline of Captain Bligh (Charles Laughton) and forces him with eight men into an open boat to die. Under Fletcher Christian (Clark Gable) the mutineers escape to Tahiti and later to the uncharted paradise of Pitcairn Island. (The subsequent happenings on this hidden rendezvous are now being filmed as a sequel to this memorable production.)

After a desperate struggle against the foaming sea, Bligh and his men finally reach England. His report leads to the capture of Midshipman Byam (Franchot Tone) and all the ringleaders but Christian. At the trial Midshipman Byam fearlessly discloses Bligh's cruelty toward his men and claims this to be the underlying reason for the mutiny. He thereby effects his own freedom and a more humane understanding between crew and captain in the British navy.

Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh is potently convincing. He portrays clearly the powerful, peerless, leering Captain to whom discipline and cruelty are synonymous. His crew are drafted men of flesh and bones, which to him means flesh to bruise and bones to break. Laughton's acting is so superb that he arouses in your heart a feeling of hatred

so forceful that you wish to see him killed. Such work certainly deserves praise and appreciation.

In vivid and grateful contrast are the Tahitian sequences to those on board the *Bounty*. These scenes are very captivating, for from the blood-drenched decks of the man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle, from the tyrannical grasp of a sadistic captain to the tender arms of native beauties who bring love and forgetfulness come sixteen men from the *Bounty*. The sparkling waters, the laughing lei-strung natives, and simple friendliness make this otherwise grotesque story live on the screen as one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures.

In the love episodes the two Tahitian girls, Maria and Mamo, are delightfully fresh and naive, and both are distractingly beautiful. Their love for Franchot Tone and Clark Gable is purely spontaneous, and clearly shows the explicit faith these native beauties placed in the tender whisperings of these handsome foreigners.

Thus, through the entire production is the acting convincing and "couleur de rose"; because of this I believe that the actors and directors have made *Mutiny on the Bounty* a cinema of longevity.

Richard Trame, '36

Books recently acquired:

FICTION:

The Partnership, Phyllis Bentley;
Green Rushes, Maurice Walsh.

BIOGRAPHY:

Roger B. Taney, Carl Swisher; *Saint Among Savages*, Francis Talbot, S. J.

LITERATURE:

Life and Works of Goethe, G. H. Lewes; *Minor Elizabethan Drama*, Ernest Rhys, ed.; *Study of Folk Songs*, Martin-

BOOK SHELF

engo-Cesaresco; *The Dynasts*, Thomas Hardy; *Collected Plays*, W. B. Yeats.

ACCOUNTING:

C. P. A. Accounting, George Newlove; *Federal Tax Handbook*, R. H. Montgomery; *Fraud*, George Bennett; *Principles of Accounting, Vol. II*, Finney; *The Balance Sheet*, Chas. Couchman; *Analysis of Financial Statements* Guthmann.

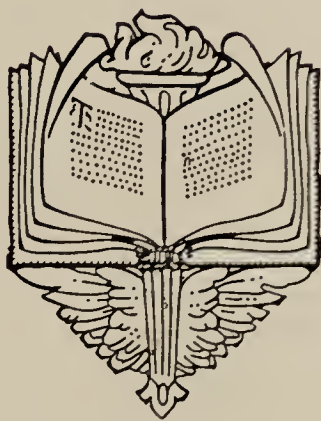
PHYSICS:

Experimental Physics, Harnwell; *Phys-*

ics, A. A. Knowlton; *Laboratory Manual in Physics*, A. A. Knowlton; *Source Book in Physics*, W. Magie; *Physical Basis of Things*, Eldridge.

MISCELLANEOUS:

College Men, Dom Proface; *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1935 edition; *The Reaper*, John F. Steward; *Manual of the Common Invertebrate Animals*, Pratt; *Faith and Reason*, Schmidt and Perkins; *The Story of Christmas*, R. J. Campbell.



ALUMNI

A third outstanding success in arbitration has been won by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas M. Conroy, '96, pastor of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Ft. Wayne, Indiana. When a short time ago during a wage dispute between the Indiana Traction Company and its employees, the leaders of the two groups were looking for a neutral member for their board of arbitration, they at once chose Msgr. Conroy. His fairness and impartiality in two previous disputes made him at once the man whose decision would be accepted by all.

Commenting on the result of the arbitration, a secular newspaper praised the group headed by Msgr. Conroy as "an intelligent, unbiased arbitration board," and added, "The calm-minded manner in which a peaceful settlement was reached and accepted should be more widely emulated in dealing with industrial controversies everywhere."

St. Joseph's is proud to see one of her Alumni so distinguish himself. We congratulate you Msgr. Conroy.

Last month the students and members of the faculty spent several pleasant hours with Joe Leuterman, '35, who paid us a visit. Joe is now continuing his law course at Marquette University. A grid star and head athletic manager while he was here, Joe has since won considerable success on the freshman squad at Marquette. May success crown your work at Marquette as it did here, Joe.

●
An interesting letter from Donald Klaus, '35, found its way a short time ago to our desk. Graduating last year with the distinction "Summa cum Laude," Don merited the Basselin Scholarship which sent him to the Sulpician Seminary, Catholic University, Washington, D. C. In his letter Don wrote that though studies are hard, he finds life very agreeable at the seminary.

We appreciate your letter, Don. By the way, tell the other St. Joe boys who are with you to let us hear from them too.

J. H., '36
A. D., '36





IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



One day during the warm month of August newspapers and local men of authority declared that *New Building* St. Joseph's was to have a new building, which would flank on the west side the south wing of the gymnasium. These reports were that work would begin in October. Swiftly the destined month arrived; upon nimble, fleeting feet it passed the thirty yard mark. Brisk November leaped upon the stage of time. When even it began to retreat, yet no workmen appeared, the question began to buzz: is St. Joseph's to have a new building? This doubt however was smothered in its infancy; the contract was let November 26.

On the following Monday afternoon, December 2, a massive being, resembling a cross between a giraffe and a dinosaur, slowly, awkwardly crept toward St. Joseph's, its trudging feet leaving deep gashes in the hard cinder road leading from the rear of the college to the buildings proper. As the tower clock chimed fifteen minutes past four, the misshapen giant ceased its clanging clatter, and settled down defiantly behind the gymnasium.

The afternoon following the arrival of the power shovel, for such was this grotesque monster, witnessed the thrilling inauguration of activities for the new building. The mouth of the powerful excavator lazily, rudely tasted the earth's flavor.

A snap, and the jagged teeth gnawed into the hard loam. With an unyielding grasp the iron mouth tore the victim sod; triumphantly it released its prey a little distance off. Soon a tiny pile of black sod had become a huge mound of earth; simultaneously, as the never satiated jaws bit deeper, a cavernous excavation appeared. By Saturday noon of that same week the basement and trenches for the foundation were completed.

When the greedy shovel first bit the startled earth there were few men at work. But that very morning hammers began to clang. Already at noon Mr. Paul Schumacher and Sons of Mishawaka, the general contractors, had constructed a combined frame storeroom and office on the grounds. They had begun to work in earnest.

It took but one week after the rough excavating had been completed to true up the trenches and construct the forms. Tuesday, December 17, the first concrete poured from the mixer and rolled down the chute into the trenches. So rapidly did this progress that a caravan of trucks, hauling sand and crushed rock from the pits, could not keep the hungry machine continuously satisfied. Even so, in two days the entire base-walls were completed; one more day's work filled with concrete the deep holes dug for the supporting pillars.

This is as far as the work has prog-

ressed as we go to press. In subsequent numbers the *COLLEGIAN* will closely record the progress on the new building, a structure which when completed next summer will furnish ample laboratory, class and clubroom space for St. Joseph's expansion into a senior college, and, not least, a new office for our journal.



At St. Joseph's the feast of the Immaculate Conception had a special significance this year, for on

Community Students that day twenty-five of the students made their *Make Profession* temporary profession as members of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood. This ceremony followed immediately after Solemn High Mass at nine o'clock, sung by the Very Reverend Provincial, Ignatius A. Wagner, C.P.P.S. Father Anthony Paluszak and Father Clement Falter assisted at the Mass as deacon and subdeacon respectively. Father Cyrille Knue acted as master of ceremonies.

The students who made their profession are: Joseph Anthamatten, Fred Hendricks, Otto Weigel, Robert Gaertner, Clarence Wolski, Alphonse Jungwirth, Fred O'Brien, Alvin Druhman, Edward Finan, Edward Gruber, Paul Huelsman, Kenneth Couhig, Daniel Raible, Norman Fisher, Carl Bricker, James Kelley, James Diedrich, Werner Verhoff, William Callahan, Casper Bonifas, John Homco, John Spatt, Leslie Henrikson, Aurele Durocher, Herbert Bensman.

One lay-brother, Robert Carney, also made his first temporary profession, and four students — George Lubley, Robert Sciulli, Ralph Kramer, and Leonard Reichlin — received the cassock.

This was indeed a day of gratitude for

all these young men, a milestone on their way of progress toward their ideal — priesthood in the religious life. It is a day to which to look back with hope; as it was reached through work and prayer, so will the other milestones be approached and passed on to the desired goal. We congratulate them and we pray that God through Mary Immaculate, their Mother and ours, will bless them in the life they have chosen.



Why do the good meet with misfortunes? Why did good Brother Fred Becthel suffer the tragic accident of falling from the roof of the dairy barn which he was repairing? Only the Christian deeply imbued with the spirit of faith can answer; he finds his answer in those words of Proverbs: "For whom the Lord loveth, he chastiseth." This faithful brother, who divides his time between work and prayer, whose life is the personification of cheerful service, is loved by God.

After the accident Brother Fred was taken immediately to the Rensselaer Hospital where it was at first thought that he had only a broken arm. It was soon found, however, that the pelvic bone had snapped. He was then taken to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Lafayette, where, as our latest report assures us, he is doing well. It will, however, take several weeks for these fractures to knit. Let us remember him in prayer.



Brother Robert Carney, taken to the Rensselaer Hospital December 8 for an appendectomy, is, as we write, almost ready to return home. Good cheer, Brother Robert, it can't happen again.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

There's an old clock in the Collegian office (we call it Old Faithful) that keeps ticking away all the day long. When old King Sol each morning mounts his golden throne, the clock is ticking; when dark Prince Night each evening escorts his regal father to his sleeping chamber, the clock is still ticking. Like Old Man River, it just keeps ticking along.

It ticks in the weeks, the months, and watches them fade into the forgotten. It ticked in the new school year; it ticked through all the events that fashioned college life. Then came a morning when the clock didn't tick. No one was near to come to its aid. But Old Faithful just smiled, seemingly enjoying his rest. He took a peek at the calendar and chuckled to see that the day was December 21. Every one had taken time out, just like Old Faithful, to enjoy a long Christmas vacation.

Tick! Tick! Tick! Ah, some one has awakened Old Faithful from his long sleep. Drowsily he rubs his eyes and again looks at the calendar. He gasps! It is January 7. All the students are back from their vacation. So to work again with new resolutions for a happy, successful year. Old Faithful just goes ticking along.

Through the kindness and deep interest shown by Father Carl Longanbach, the community students enjoyed a truly merry Christmas here at Collegeville. Father Longanbach, by his intimate association with us in the Raleigh Club and on the campus, was the driving force that made this

Christmas a happy and a memorable one.

It was agreed upon several weeks before Christmas that each class give some kind of entertainment for the rest of the student-body. The Seniors, after they had already given a bunko party, showed their spirit and ambition by staging a five-act play. William Frantz and Roman Anderson, outstanding in their portrayal of character, added much to the success of the play. The Juniors, not to be outdone, gave an original, home-made program. Al Druhman and Paul Zeller were the hits of the evening with their Caesar-Brutus skit, and Jim Diedrich was not far behind with his humorous impersonations. The High School Seniors, to add their bit to the list of dramatics, presented a minstrel show. Collegeville's newcomers made their debut by presenting a variety program that indicated the large amount of talent possessed by them.

We hope that every Christmas will be as enjoyable as was this one, that programs will be appreciated as these were, that the true Christmas spirit will be in vogue as it was during these holidays.

What happened to "Alfy" Ottenweller the night of the Valpo game? In the press box he was a man without blemish, but the next morning he looked as if he had been hit by a fast mail. Or was it a *female* co-ed? Two of them *were* screeching vociferously against rough, nasty Dick Scharf's type of playing.

Only the shadow knows! Well, maybe "Nubby" Dreiling is the shadow, or maybe he's been putting on the Dick Tracy act. At any rate he solved the baffling

case of the Monogram Club's phantomed magazines.



"Maxie Nevers," mighty guard,
Played slow and cautious, very hard.
One night the team is feeling down;
"Nevers" steps out and "goes to town."
Soon the team is feeling grand;
People go wild in every stand.
When he bellowed "give 'em the axe!"
Papers called him "Playboy Max."



"Oscar" Foos recently spent a few days in Chicago where he received ocular medical treatments. He also did his part to boost prosperity; he returned with a new wardrobe.



"Cy" Gaffney took leave of absence after the Notre Dame game, and it wasn't exactly a pleasure trip. Having suffered a badly sprained ankle, he paid the doctor in Chicago a little professional visit.

"Geneva Jake," barnstorming forward, always keeps spectators on the edge of their seats when he's in the game. They never know what's going to happen to the ball when it is in his possession. Sometimes it leaves his hands, takes a dizzy journey, and amazingly drops through the net. And "Rafters" Andres wants to know whether the steel beams at the top of the Kokomo gym have been repaired. By the way, where did Scharf get the new "monicker, 'Kid Brother' "?



On the last Wednesday before Christmas students paid a novel admission fee at the local theatre. This was in the form of food-stuffs only, which was generously distributed to the poor. We think that the manager of the Palace Theatre is a very good sport.



Fellows, why not patronize the COLLEGIAN advertisers? It is only fair.





COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

With the advent of the new year the Columbians, having recuperated during the holiday vacation, are once again sedulously engaged in furthering their progress in the literary field. Not content to rest on the laurels thus far acquired, they are determined to make the second semester even more successful than the first. To enkindle the enthusiasm of the members a new set of officers will be selected at the beginning of the second semester. The manifest interest in the forthcoming elections assures us that those selected will experience no difficulty in continuing the work of the present officers.



NEWMAN CLUB

Some months ago in these columns we offered to the Newman Club our assurance of its success in its dramatic endeavors. We are now in a position to commend the club on the praiseworthy success that it has attained in its first public presentation of the year, a comedy in three acts, entitled, "The People's Money." Hampered somewhat by a prosaic, time-worn theme, a rather obscure plot, and a poorly devised script,

the cast nevertheless accomplished an excellent portrayal of character. It is on that score that we commend the club. While performance on the part of the cast as a whole was good, yet some instances of discomfiture on the stage, together with indistinct enunciation by the players and a mixing of cues, evidenced insufficient preparation.

THE CAST

James Rogers	Cornelius Wiemels
William Arnold	Charles Radersdorf
Henry Sears	Joseph Scheuer
Alfred Edward Jones	John Bannon
Charles Parker	Edmund Ryan
Benjamin Black	Lawrence Heiman
Frank Kennedy	John Flynn
Charles Watson	Robert Danehy
Samuel Emery	Otto Diller
Conny Duffy	Vern Emmens

THE STORY

The term 'comedy' applied to the story is almost a misnomer, considering the fact that the theme flows along in a tragic vein until the very last scenes. There are a few bits of humor that here and there break through the gloom of the play; nevertheless its essence seems to border more on the tragic than on the comic. The story centers in the person

of James Rogers, bank president, who has been inveigled by his crafty cashier, William Arnold, into some risky speculations involving the funds of the bank. Arnold is a suitor for Rogers' daughter. Due to the efforts of Henry Sears, a bank director who is opposed to Rogers' method of handling the bank's money, the market is forced down. Sears is also a suitor for Rogers' daughter. A situation menacing to Rogers and Arnold then develops. The latter forges some notes on certain prominent persons of the city. These notes are soon ingenuously stolen by a detective named Samuel Emery, in the employ of Sears. Arnold, to save himself, embezzles seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the bank's cash, and arranges circumstances to make it seem the work of robbers. While fleeing, he meets with an accident, breaking his leg. Leaving the money in the hands of Conny Duffy, office watchman, the cashier goes into hiding in the bank building. The public, hearing of the apparent robbery starts a run on the bank. Rogers, faced with a shortage and fearful of an angry board of directors, is beset with a temptation to flee the country. After a bitter struggle, he overcomes the temptation and decides to meet the shortage with his own personal resources. In the meantime the stolen money is recovered by Sears and Emery. Arnold on learning of its recovery dies from the shock. The bank's resources replenished, Rogers, on account of the disgrace he has suffered, resigns his position as bank president, and gives his consent to the marriage of his daughter to Sears, who all the while has been helping Rogers underhandedly.

THE ROLES

While the players' portrayal of charac-

ter was generally good, the entire cast may be criticized for its lifelessness on the stage, its failure to put enough action into the dramatic scenes, and its too rapid speaking of cues. Cornelius Wiemels, even though phlegmatic in the face of difficulties, gave a fair indication of how a bank president would act in a distressing situation. Charles Radersdorf is to be complimented on his excellent portrayal of the villainous cashier. Vern Emmens, as the watchman, delighted the audience with his quaint Gaelic brogue. His overemphasis of the shuffling gait of the watchman, however, made his acting seem unnatural.

As in actual life, so also in its imitation, some must carry the minor roles although the minor roles are certainly not always the easiest nor the least interesting. Lawrence Heiman and John Flynn, as stockholders of the bank, hampered their otherwise good acting by nervousness and a forced nonchalance. Joseph Scheuer, a bank director, was guilty of hesitancy in speaking his cues. John Bannon, seeking to mimic the typical Englishman, lost some of his effect by far overdoing the vagaries of that gentleman. Edmund Ryan, in his brief appearances, carried the role of a bank director flawlessly. Robert Danehy, as an insurance agent, forgot that he was on the stage and merely spoke his lines. The star actor of the performance was Otto Diller, who carried a dual role. By profession a detective, he at first appeared masquerading as a country gentleman and gave a ludicrous interpretation of the actions of such a man while revelling in high spirits in the presence of city slickers. In his other appearances he was the typical detective, laconic, uncommunica-

SPOT LIGHT

tive, sardonic, hawkeyed. Throughout the play his own personality was lost in his portrayal of the character he impersonated. This, at least, is always considered to be the mark of a good actor.

MUSICAL SELECTIONS

1. Finale from the overture:

Merry Wives of Windsor Nicolai

2. Dramatic Episode:

The Night Before Christmas
Norman Fisher

3. Aragonaise Massenet

College Orchestra



DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Saturday, November 30, marked the first meeting of the Dwenger Mission Unit under the supervision of the newly elected officers. The greater part of the meeting was taken up with the inaugural addresses. Albert Van Nevel, President of the Society, asked the cooperation of the members and promised that the officers would apply themselves wholeheartedly to fulfilling their duties. The remaining acceptance speeches dealt with the various phases of Mission work and with plans for furthering the progress of the organization.

We feel certain that under the direction of these thoroughly competent and zealous workers the D.M.U. will enjoy one of its most successful years.

The Catholic Action program, a supplement to the Mission programs, was inaugurated under the supervision of the Catholic Action leader, James O'Connor. The purpose of these programs is to acquaint the students with the aims and accomplishments of the Catholic Laity. The various speakers choose subjects

pertinent to Catholic Action, in particular to its local application.

The speakers on this first program were Edward Bubala who spoke of life "Behind Life's Curtain;" Frederick Steinger, who spoke on "Real Catholic Action;" and Timothy Doody, who gave a dramatic medley of verse and song. The meeting was concluded with the orchestral rendition of "Poor Butterfly."



RALEIGH CLUB

Santa Claus made a premature visit to the Raleigh Club the first part of December. Foremost in his bag of gifts was a beautiful ten tube, superheterodyne Philco radio, cabinet type. An object of admiration and a source of delightful entertainment, this beautiful radio now occupies the northwest corner of the billiard room. Its pleasing tone and inviting attractiveness may well be compared to the pleasant smile of the framed portrait of President Roosevelt which adorns it. An additional improvement was a new set of rails and covering for the pool tables.

Gratifying, indeed, was the remarkable success of the bridge tournament. After a full week of elimination play Francis Hodous emerged the winner, with William Callahan as runner-up. Equally successful was the pinochle tournament. In this Henry Ward won the trophy by a one point lead over Richard Scharf. The remaining card tournaments are now in progress and will be followed by the pool and ping-pong tournaments.

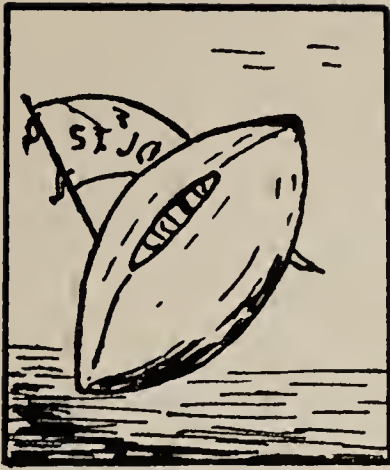
An unforeseen pleasure is now being enjoyed by the Raleighites. The west windows of both the upper and lower club rooms serve as an excellent means of observation for those interested in the

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

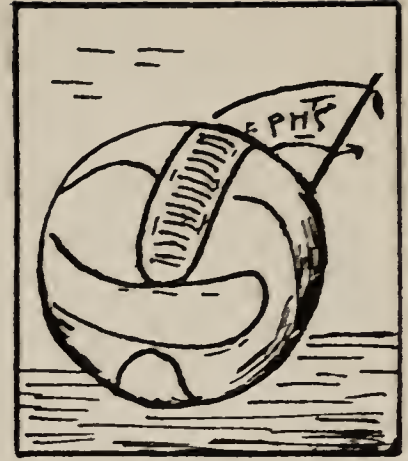
progress of the new building being constructed adjacent to the west extremity of the Raleigh Club. Each day a generous assemblage of spectators is seen en-

joying the warmth of the club rooms, as they smile laconically at the less fortunate youngsters who must brave the chill blasts of winter to satisfy their curiosity.





SPORTS



Cardinals Lose Opener To Anderson College 25 — 23 Last Half Rally Falls Short

The St. Joe Cardinals' opening basketball game ended in a heart-breaking defeat. Although outplayed from every angle of the game throughout the first period, the Cards revived a semblance of their old game in the second half to start a rally, which after setting them on the verge of victory, fell short of the deciding points in the last few seconds of the game.

Having played five games before meeting St. Joe, the Anderson quintet played experienced ball with fast breaking as the dominant factor in scoring points. Falker and Toost, stars of the Downstaters, proved to be Anderson's main threats. Shifty and fast-stepping, they were difficult to guard, and rang up ten of Anderson's fifteen points in the first period.

In spite of the fact that Badke and Hatton controlled the tipoff consistently, Anderson possessed the ball most of the time during the first half. The basket seemed to be almost unreachable to the Cardinals during this period of the game. They missed their long as well as their short shots; many even fell short of hitting the backboard. Out of the twenty shots attempted, only three found their mark. The failure of the Cards to follow

in their attempted shots gave the ball invariably to their opponents.

Seven minutes of the second period elapsed before a point was scored. Both teams began to play very conservative ball, and comparatively little shooting was attempted. "Scraps" Scharf, however, a tricky St. Joe forward, produced the spark that ignited the Cardinals' fighting spirit when he dropped in a highly arched long shot that pierced the net with perfection. From then on St. Joe took the show. They began to play smooth basketball. Their ball handling and shifting worked in rhythm. Finally, discovering the range on their basket, they began to sink long and short shots. Nevertheless, the lead that Anderson had piled up in the first half of the game proved too much for the Cardinals to overtake. The final gun ending the game found the Cards trailing by two points.

"Cy" Gaffney was high scorer of the evening, having found the net for eight points. Toost and Falker of Anderson followed closely with seven points each. McCarthy and Hatton held second honors in scoring for the Cardinals, each sinking one basket and a pair of charity tosses. "Red" Van Nevel, a transplanted forward, although scoring only one field goal

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

for St. Joe, featured prominently in his new position as guard especially on the defense.

St. Joseph's College, 23

		B	F	P
Gaffney (c)	f	4	1	0
McCarthy	f	1	2	1
Scharf	f	1	1	1
Badke	c	0	1	4
Ottenweller	c	0	0	0
Van Nevel	g	1	0	1
Andres	g	0	0	2
Dougherty	g	0	0	0
Hatton	c	1	2	1
		8	7	10

Anderson College, 25

		B	F	P
Toost	f	3	1	0
Hall	f	0	0	1
Gray	f	1	0	2
Falker	c	3	1	4
McKenzie	g	1	0	0
Byrd	g	3	0	1
Pletcher	g	0	1	2
		11	3	9

Referee, Guild, DePauw; Umpire, Allen, Springfield, Mass.

Central Normal Trims Cardinals 33 — 22

Displaying a new shuttling offensive, the revamped St. Joe Cards were defeated by a Central Normal team superior in experience and driving breaks. Although outclassed in the first period, St. Joe returned in the second half to outplay and outscore their highly rated opponents. Opposed by one of Indiana's crack basketball aggregations, St. Joe exhibited a form much superior to their play in the Anderson game. Fighting instinct and rugged defense kept the Normal score low.

During the opening minutes of play St. Joe controlled the ball by using almost exclusively a shifting style of play that always left a man open. "Cy" Gaffney, St. Joe's own G-man tossed barrages of shots, but they rimmed the hoop and dropped heart-breakingly outside. Scharf's and Badke's long shots were the only high spots in the Cardinal offense. During the whole first period Englehart and Wilson, guns of the Normal team, seared the drapes consistently to shove the teachers decidedly out in front. At half time the purple warriors of Central

Normal led 21-7.

Fired with fighting spirit St. Joe fought an uphill battle from the second period whistle. They scrapped for the possession of the ball, and their defense was a joy to Cardinal rooters. In this period the lid came off the basket, and the Scharf-Gaffney combination started sinking sensational one-handed shots that took the smiles from Normal faces. The margin of victory for Central Normal kept dwindling until the very closing minutes of play, but superior ball handling and sure, easy team work kept Normal safely out in front.

St. Joe supporters wish sometimes that this hectic game, basketball, could be rearranged so that the Cards could play two second halves instead of the conventional first and last periods. Always in the second half, St. Joe returns to the fray fired with fighting spirit that lasts until the final gun. In the second half the Cardinals look like a new team by amending something that is decidedly lacking in their first period of action.

SPORTS

St. Joseph College, 22

		B	F	P
McCarthy	f	0	1	1
Gaffney	f	3	1	2
Scharf	f	1	3	1
Moran	f	1	0	0
Hatton	c	0	0	2
Badke	c	2	1	0
Van Nevel	g	1	0	2
Dougherty	g	0	0	1
Andres	g	0	0	4
Weyer	g	0	0	1
		<hr/>		
		8	6	14

Central Normal College, 33

		B	F	P
Engelhart	f	4	2	3
Wilson	f	2	4	2
Scott	f	0	1	1
Decker	f	0	0	1
Roudebush	c	1	0	1
Williams	c	0	2	2
Canady	c	1	0	0
Morris	g	2	1	0
Gullion	g	2	1	2
Ballard	g	0	0	0
		<hr/>		
		12	11	12
Referee, A. Etter; Umpire, R. Etter.				

Notre Dame Rolls up 71 — 22 Score Against St. Joe
Ford Contributes 18 Points to Cards' Defeat

Overwhelmed by the galaxy of Irish stars who dropped a bewildering number of goals from everywhere but the balcony, St. Joe's much defeated Cardinals were topped by a huge margin. Billed to play Notre Dame's second team, the Cards were at a decided disadvantage in facing an Irish combination composed of Ford, Demots, Hopkins, Wukavits, and Jordan, who are rated among Notre Dame's most outstanding players. Out-shot, outplayed, and outclassed, St. Joe fought a dogged, determined game in a vain attempt to halt the team that was their master in every department of the game.

With the Irish cagers' regular quintet playing the first period, the Cards had no chance to exhibit offensive thrusts. Neither could they stop Ford, who is probably the country's best ball handler, from ripping the net with a total of 18 points as a contribution to the Irish cagers' score of 47 in the first period. "Cy" Gaffney dumped in 6 of St. Joe's eight points.

The second period was hardly a replica of the first half, for St. Joe's offensive

and defensive maneuvers showed promise against Notre Dame's second string quintet. The Cards scored 15 points in the second half while they held Notre Dame to a gain of 24. The Cards' playing in this period showed that they are at home only when playing against teams in their own class. Although the Cardinal stars were distinctly overshadowed by the Irish, "Cy" Gaffney could not be stopped from swishing his usual five baskets, and "Bob" Hatton his three.

Notre Dame

		B	F	P
Hopkins	f	4	2	2
Ford	f	9	0	1
Crowe	f	2	0	0
Corson	f	1	0	0
Gleason	f	1	0	0
Sweeney	f	1	2	1
Demots	c	1	1	0
Peters	c	3	1	0
Moritz	c	0	0	1
O'Conno	c	1	0	0
Wukavits	g	5	0	0
Jordan	g	3	0	0
Wentworth	g	1	0	0
Borowski	g	0	1	0
		<hr/>		
Totals		32	7	5

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

St. Joseph		B	F	P	Van Nevel	g	0	0	0
Badke	f	1	0	1	Weyer	g	0	0	0
Gaffney	f	5	0	3	McCarthy	g	0	0	1
Scharf	f	1	1	0					
Hatton	c	3	1	1	Totals		10	2	7
Andres	g	0	0	1	Referee, Elliot; Umpire, Heivie.				

Huntington Defeats St. Joe, 36 — 29
Second Period Spurt Enables Foresters to Finish Ahead

The Cardinals suffered their fourth defeat of the season when they succumbed to the invading Foresters from Huntington College on the home floor by a score of 36-29. In spite of the score's showing, the game was a closely fought contest and was not decided until the last few minutes of the game when Huntington's final spurt gave them the lead and a victory. In the last period the score was tied twice and the lead had changed hands four times.

St. Joe began the game with a few changes in their usual line-up. Badke began in the forward position of Cy Gaffney who is out of the game with an injured ankle, and "J.P." McCarthy started at guard in place of Andres. This new combination showed a greatly improved team, especially in passing and floor work.

The first half of the game moved rather slowly but "Barney" Badke furnished the crowd with a number of thrills when he flipped in a few fancy one-handed tosses and twice dribbled through Huntington's defense to score. Micheal, a "dead eye" for the Foresters, also gave a good show by sinking a number of long arched shots from the mid-sector. The first period ended with the score 19-15, Huntington holding the lead.

In the second half the Cardinals tied the count at nineteen all when Van Nevel sank a long shot from the side and Scharf came through with a field goal from underneath the basket. Ware then fol-

lowed to drop in a basket for Huntington, but Badke flipped in a one-handed shot to keep the tie. Micheal then connected to place Huntington again in the lead, but Scharf found the basket twice in rapid succession to put the Cards out in front. The Cardinals, however, bogged down and Huntington again took possession of the lead by permitting Farrar to tally two free throws and Elmer a pair of field goals. With six minutes to play the score stood 29-27. St. Joe added only one basket to their total while Huntington piled up seven points, four of which were free throws.

Huntington College, 36

		B	F	P
Micheal	f	5	1	2
Adams	f	0	0	0
Pe Gan	f	1	3	2
Elmer	c	4	4	2
Ware	g	2	0	2
Farrar	g	1	0	2
Humbert	g	1	0	1
		14	8	11

St. Joseph's College, 29

		B	F	P
Badke	f	6	1	3
Scharf	f	3	1	1
McCarthy	f	0	0	1
Hatton	c	0	2	1
Van Nevel, (c)	g	2	0	3
Andres	g	1	1	1
Dougherty	g	0	0	0
		12	5	10

Referee, Guild; Umpire, Allen.

SPORTS

St. Joe Bows to Kokomo Junior College, 27 — 26
Kokomo Conquers With Last Minute Field Goal

In this exciting encounter that gave a capacity crowd at the Hedgeworth Gym in Kokomo plenty of thrills, the Cardinals were the victims of another narrow defeat. Hankins, who had already found the hoop for sixteen points, came through with a last minute basket to capture all the honors of the evening and to gain the victory for Kokomo. The entire game was a see-saw affair.

During the first half of the game both teams exhibited typical rough and tumble basketball. Battling up and down the floor each team made desperate attempts to gain a margined lead on the other. The score continually changed hands but remained almost evenly balanced with three points being the greatest difference throughout the period. The half ended in a deadlock, 15-15.

Determined to break the recurrent tying, both teams opened the second half with full steam. Scharf broke through for an under-basket shot, and tipped in a rebound to gain the lead for the Cardinals. Kokomo quickly retaliated to register four field goals, dropping them in from various angles of the floor. This four point lead remained in Kokomo's hands for six minutes. "Jake" Moran then scored a basket with a toss over his head; Scharf and Badke converted a foul shot each to tie the score for the fourth and last time. With but one minute to play

Kokomo forged to the lead again when Hopkins dropped one through the hoop from a corner. In the few seconds that remained the Cardinals, although they had several chances to score, threw the game to the winds by wild shooting.

Hankins headed the winners' attack by dropping eighteen of their twenty-seven points. Badke took the high scoring crown for the Cardinals with eight points, six of which were charity tosses. Scharf followed with six points, two field goals and two charity tosses.

Kokomo				
		B	F	P
Hankins	f	8	2	3
Hessler	f	1	1	2
Hogan	c	0	2	2
Duncan	g	0	0	1
Hiflin	g	1	0	4
Starbuck	g	1	0	4
Totals		11	5	15
St. Joseph's				
		B	F	P
Scharf	f	2	2	2
McCarthy	f	1	0	0
Badke	f	1	6	1
Moran	f	1	0	1
Hatton	c	1	1	0
Ottenweller	c	0	0	1
Johnson	g	0	1	1
Van Nevel	g	1	0	4
Andres	g	1	0	3
Totals		8	10	13
Referee, E. Delo; Umpire, McFatrigh.				

Valpo U. Whips Cardinals 53 — 19
Uhlans Avenge Last Year's Defeat

Valparaiso's speed and scoring power were too much for the Cardinals; the Uhlans raced to a 53-19 victory. Rhythmic pass-work and coordinated team play

thrilled the crowd of spectators as Valpo swept with ease down the court to connect for basket after basket. St. Joe's offensive worked smoothly, but it could

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

never pierce the defense of six-footers for under-basket shots. Time after time the Saints arched shots from the court, but invariably the shots caromed from the backboard into the grasp of waiting Uhlands. This fray was rather an anti-climax to St. Joe's 16-11 victory of last year.

From the first tipoff, St. Joe was on the defensive, trying to hold in check a big, clever quintet. The Cards at times showed flashes of teamwork as they moved the ball methodically, weaving in and out of the Uhlan defense; but somehow their shots never ducked into the net. During the first half Valpo sank twenty-four counters, mainly by tipping in rebounds. St. Joe had to be content with eight points, all made over the free throw route.

As the minutes clicked off the second period, Valparaiso, piling in more baskets, did not let up on its offensive maneuvers. The Cardinals chalked up their first field goal four minutes after the second half began, "Swede" Johnson driving underneath the basket to score. This seemed to give the Cardinals impetus and Hatton followed with a pivot shot to score St. Joe's second field goal of the evening. The impulse, however, was quickly snuffed out, as Valparaiso again hit their stride to bombard the basket for sixteen

more points and cut off any more Cardinal scoring.

Valparaiso University

		B	F	P
Loerke	f	0	0	0
Baran, (c)	f	1	0	4
Ruekr	f	5	0	0
Karr	f	5	1	2
Roedel	f	2	2	1
Sauer	c	6	4	2
Hellwig	c	0	0	1
Koss	g	1	1	3
Johnson	g	0	0	0
Fierke	g	2	1	3
Hoffman	g	0	0	0
Schoenterr	c	0	0	0
Kitchen	g	0	0	2
		22	9	18

St. Joseph

		B	F	P
Moran	f	0	0	3
McCarthy	f	0	0	0
Scharf	f	0	1	3
Leugers	f	0	0	1
Hatton	c	1	3	1
Badke	c	0	7	2
Van Nevel, (c)	g	0	1	1
Anderson	g	0	0	0
Johnson	g	1	2	2
Diedrich	g	0	1	0
Andres	g	0	0	0
Dougherty	g	0	0	0
		2	15	13

Referee, Helvie; Umpire, Scott.

Monon Whips High School 27 — 17

St. Joseph's High School varsity inaugurated its first season of competition with the surrounding high schools by a 27-17 defeat. Led by Roberts, a versatile cageman, a snapping Monon High School quintet snapped into the lead from the

start and continued to drop in field goals until they had accumulated a score of nineteen to six at the half time. In the third period Monon's scoring power slackened somewhat, and St. Joe began sinking a few. Monon, however, came back strong

SPORTS

in the last quarter to finish the game on the tall end of the score by storming the junior Cardinals under with an avalanche of baskets.

Our High School's first attempt at competitive basketball found a very inexperienced team; this probably accounts for Monon's decisive victory. The junior Cardinals' defense was ragged throughout the entire game. The Monon quintet was quick to take advantage of this defect and threw floor-length passes to sink numerable sleeper shots. St. Joe's offense in the first two periods was marred by frequent bad passes and poor shooting. In the last periods, however, they possessed a tinge of systematic passing and shifting.

Scoring honors for the evening were taken by Roberts of Monon High, who caged six field goals and a free throw. Manderbach led the junior Cardinals by hitting the net for six points. Besides giving a stellar performance on the defensive, "Judy" Thurin tallied five points.

Monon

	B	F	P
Burroughs	f 2	3	1
Helfrich	f 0	1	1
Roberts	f 6	1	3
Christiansen	c 0	2	1
Watson	g 0	0	0
Downard	g 1	0	2
McClure	g 1	0	3
Quasbarth	c 0	0	1

Totals

10 7 12

St. Joseph's

	B	F	P
Manderbach	f 3	0	0
Eder	f 1	0	0
Voors	f 1	0	1
McGraw	f 1	0	0
Moorman	c 0	0	2
Hanpeter	c 1	0	0
Thurin	g 1	2	4
Murphy	g 0	0	2
Chambers	g 0	0	2

Totals

8 2 11

Referee, Guild, West Lafayette; Umpire, Allen, Purdue.





HUMOR



Ward: "How old would you say she is?"

Blackwell: "Oh, somewhere in the middle flirties!"

Foreman: "Now then, hurry up."

Stack: "All right, boss. But Rome wasn't built in a day."

Foreman: "Maybe not. But I wasn't foreman on that job."

Guide: "This castle has stood for six hundred years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced."

La Grange: "Um, they must have the same landlord we have."

Our old friend Rastus was in trouble again, and the sheriff asked him if he was guilty or not guilty.

"Guilty, suh, I think," replied Rastus, "but I'd better be tried to make sure of it."

Look at these bills. And to think that Santa Claus gets all the credit!

Linehan: "I went over these figures eight times."

Prof: "Very good and thorough?"

Linehan: "Here are the eight results."

Prof: "Do you believe in capital punishment?"

Vance: "Certainly, if it isn't too severe."

One day Trame pulled into a filling station for the inevitable gasoline. When the gas tank was filled, the attendant asked,

"Check the oil, sir?"

Trame: "Naw, it's O.K."

Attendant: "Got enough water in your radiator?"

Trame: "Yep, filled up."

Attendant: "Anything else, sir?"

Trame: "Yes, would you please stick out your tongue so I can seal this letter?"

Mullen: "Yes, our family can trace its ancestry back to William the Conqueror."

Exley: "I suppose you'll be telling us next that your ancestors were in the Ark with Noah?"

Mullen: "Certainly not. My people had a boat of their own."

Grandmother, a retired school teacher: "Dick, my boy, I wish you would promise that you will never use two words. One is swell and the other is lousy. Will you promise me that?"

Boyle: "Why sure, Granny. What are the two words?"

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Freddie Bartholomew

Eddie Cantor
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"STRIKE ME PINK"

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NIGHT'S DREAM"**

Music Prof: "The boys are going to play Beethoven tonight."

Friend: "I 'ope ya win."

Ed Andres: "Mike, how did you get your hands so dirty?"

Mike Andres: "Washing my face."

Charles Halleck
Abraham Halleck

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Schroeder: "Blondes!"

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for tomorrow, Professor?"

English Prof: "Tomorrow we shall take
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come prepared."

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Sue: "I refused to marry Harry two
months ago and he has been hitting up
the booze ever since."

Kate: "Well, I call that carrying a
celebration too far."

GOOD THINGS

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Bubala: "Have you ever speculated on why you are so popular in the neighborhood?"

Henrikson: "No, except that I told my neighbors that I always play the saxophone when I get lonely."



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Nurse: "It's a boy!"

Confirmed golfer: "Hurrah! A caddy!"

Gamble (nervously): "I suppose the operation will be dangerous, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Nonsense. You couldn't buy an expensive operation for forty dollars."

SHORT

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Sandwich Shop

24-Hour Service

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Fine Printing and Embossing

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He: "If you are tired of dancing, let us sit down and have a little tete-a-tete."

She: "No, thank you. After such a big supper I really couldn't eat a thing."

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Manufacturers of hard and soft Wheat flour

Buck-wheat, Graham, Rye, and Pancake Flours

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EVERY BOTTLE STERILIZED

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Between City Hall and Palace Theatre

H. G. ABBETT CO.

Meyer: "Is that joke original?"

Scharf: "No, I made it up myself."

Employer: "Can you come to work tomorrow?"

Hatton: "No, you see I'm marching in a parade of the unemployed."

RENSSELAER X-RAY LABORATORY

X-RAY Photographs

— X-RAY Treatment

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HOTEL

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State Bank of Rensselaer

Some are larger

None is better

Few as good

SAFETY FIRST IS OUR MOTTO

Judge: "Eight weeks for you, Moe."

Moe: "Is dey thuty hour weeks, boss?"

First little boy: "I forgot to ask you to my lawn picnic tomorrow."

Second little boy: "Too late now, I've prayed for a blizzard."

Remember Mother's Birthday

"Say It With Flowers"

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DRUG STORE**

Complete Line of Drugs

South side Washington St.
Across from
Wright's Restaurant

Voors: "It's only ten o'clock; wasn't the show any good?"

Ameling: "Sure it was all right."

Voors: "But why didn't you stay for the last act?"

Ameling: "What for? It says on the program: Act 3 same as act 1."

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GOOD EATS

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CHEERFUL SERVICE

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HEADQUARTERS FOR SCHOOL SUPPLIES

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Phone 67

Sheehan: "How much does it cost to run a death notice in your paper?"

Clerk: "Fifty cents an inch."

Sheehan: "Gee whiz! And he was six feet tall!"

CLARKE

THE JEWELER

Where Quality and Service count

Watch Repairing a Specialty
